MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS.

WE have just returned (July 2d) from a visit among the farm and farmers in this vicinity. Potatoes are looking exceedingly well; in fact, we never saw better promise of a fine crop at this season of the year. Corn has suffered from our cold, backward spring. On high, warm land, it is tolerable, but in low fields it is very small and yellow, and needs good hot summer weather, which we hope we may yet get, though we are now enduring a cold, drenching rain, which has continued for twenty-four hours without any prospect of cessation. The cut worms are making sad work with the corn in many places, and altogether the prospects are not flattering.

One of our old correspondents, upon whom we called, remarked that this had been a strange season —not a caterpillar had been seen in his orchards, although he usually had about a hundred nests to destroy, nor had he been able to find one in the orchards of his neighbors. Not a rose bug had made its appearance, although, for the past six or eight years, he could have gathered quarts. Much permanent good therefore may result from what we have looked upon as evil.

Speaking of *insects*, reminds us that we have a letter from our faithful correspondent, J. STAUFFER, Esq., who, it seems, has been more troubled of late by the Southern *big bugs* than any of the little bugs that we send him occasionally, as prisoners, for examination and a righteous verdict. But to the letter:

DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS OF THE SOUTH.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Early last fall I had come to the conclusion to arrange my matters so as to enable me to devote especial attention to the various insects injurious to our living vegetable property, such as the *field crops*, the *garden crops*, the *orchard and fruitery*, including plantations and groves. However wide the field, from previous acquaintance with the subject, I did not doubt but close investigation and accurate observation, would enable me to clear up some doubts, and add my mite to the valuable information already published on the economy of these depredating creatures, with a view of illustrating them by accurate drawings, and describing their size, color, habits, and general history, and means for checking their ravages so far as known.

This would, of course, include numerous *species*, *genera*, *orders* and *classes*, and prove a host sufficiently formidable to alarm those interested in vegetable products, if they did not also reflect that in the wise economy of creation, checks and restraints are laid upon them so as to confine them within certain limits, beyond which they can not pass—otherwise the fair creation would retrograde and prove a failure, and the labor of man be in vain.

The decree, however, in my humble opinion, is "onward and upward." Progression is a fixed law, however it may be interfered with, or in certain localities or seasons be set aside. The higher law triumphs and bursts forth to make longer strides. This truth will be made manifest by inspection of the past. Experience is a school, however severe it may be, that advances the knowledge of men, and "fools learn in no other," is an old adage.

But alas! from field-bugs, locusts, &c., that depredate the ordinary farm, my attention was arrested by another class of *big-bugs*, like COBB, FLOYD, THOMPSON, DAVIS, and a host of traitors, who it seems were determined to devastate the entire farm of our good old Uncle Sam, and render it worse than useless. The enormity of such a scheme as has been and continues to be enacting, has completely engrossed all my attention, and made me feel like applying myself to the study of round shot and shell, and arresting the mad folly of the South by force of arms, as to reason with such men is, as BUTLER says,

"Waste of soap and labor out of place
To try to wash an Ape's face."

Such self-conceited gentry will receive no instructions, nor will I attempt to teach them. SHAKSPEARE says,—

"To wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procured
Must be their schoolmaster."

The upstart DAVIS, with his self-sufficient impudence, may have some experience, without honesty—however, he vainly undertakes to overthrow the glorious old Constitution!

So much for these big-bugs. "Scotch snuff" for squash-bugs, but "squash" for the "Southern bugs." I do not feel vindictive, but perfectly conservative so far as honor and the advance of society is concerned. I believe the same law holds good, referred to in the outset, and that the whole affair is a natural consequence arising from the ingredients mixed up in the mass. The combustible elements will astonish us by the thunder, blind us by the lightning's flash, and deluge us with a shower, perhaps unroofing our houses as the tornado sweeps along, only to bring forth a brighter sun, a more luxuriant verdure, and purify the political atmosphere, so that a long stride will be taken onward and upward in the glorious cause of true Liberty, good will among men, and a repudiation of political gambling, and the growth of a purer, holier democratic creed. So when the thunder is stilled and the darkening clouds dispersed, or in the lulls between, I may still find leisure to ride my hobby, in the old orbit, jostled aside by this erratic comet of a rebellion in our midst. J. STAUFFER.

Lancaster, Pa., May, 1861.

A NEW CORN WEEVIL.

But Mr. S. has found time to examine a number of minor insects, and among others "a small beetle, which is making sad havoc with young green corn," in the neighborhood of Skaneateles, and sent us by a correspondent in that section. It seems to be a new enemy, unknown to our entomologists. Our entomologist remarks as follows:

The small beetle inclosed by Mr. E. L. SHEPHARD, of Skaneateles, which he states is a new depredator to him, and is desirous to know its name and the method of destroying it, has been examined. Its habits, in attacking the young, green corn, with which it "makes sad havoc," I confess is new to me, nor can I learn anything from FITCH, HARRIS, KOLLAR, or SAY, respecting the habits of this creature. True, Mr. SAY describes it among his *Rhynchophorus* of HERBST, but it belongs to the genus *Sphenophorus* of SCHONHERR, which embraces thirty-six species found in the United States. The insect in question is a member of a highly destructive family of small-sized snout beetles, CURCULIONIDÆ, commonly known as the weevil tribe, of which there are upward of one hundred known genera.

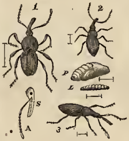

Fig. 1. Sphenophorus—Corn leaf Weevil.
Fig. 2. Barridius trinotata—Potato-stalk Weevil.
Fig. 3. Calandra granaria—Wheat-grain Weevil.
S. Snout of fig. 1. A. The antennæ.
P. Pupa of fig. 2. L. The larvæ, or grub.

I will not perplex the reader with the hard names employed to designate the various genera, some of which are as unpronounceable as those of some Russian Counts, and the wonder is how the little creatures came by them; suffice it to say that fig. 1 illustrates the insect sent by Mr. SHEPHARD, showing the elbowed antennæ *(a)* inserted at the base, or near the eye, on the long, slightly-curved snout *(s)*. The color is a dark brown when the short, stiff scales are removed, which, in the fresh specimen, gives them the appearance of being covered with a powdery substance, producing a mottled appearance.

Fig. 2 shows a similar insect, the *Barridius trinotata*, or potato weevil. The lines indicate their natural size; in the latter the antennæ are inserted near the jaws, while others have them inserted intermediately; thus the modifications of structure are almost endless. They are all herbivorous, some feed upon the leaves, others upon and inside the stems, and others again on the grain or seed like the *Calandra oryzæ*, the rice weevil, [and the *C. granaria*, or wheat weevil (fig. 3). Their cushioned tarsi are better adapted for adhesion to plants than for locomotion, hence they are slow travelers on foot. But the majority by far are provided with wings, yet it is true some genera have their elytra, or wing covers, soldered together, so that they cannot fly. When alarmed, they either take wing, or fold up their legs and drop to the ground, lying perfectly still, and can hardly be distinguished from a grain of sand or pellet of clay; but look sharp and you will find them, though they may soon hide.

Those infesting fruit trees are often caught by extending a sheet beneath the tree, and striking the trunk with a mallet or billet of wood, protected by a cloth from bruising the bark. They drop down when the tree is jarred, though, when the female is busy at work in depositing her eggs, she is more obstinate, and does not yield on a slight or single jar. Their larvæ are fleshy grubs, entirely destitute of articulated legs, having simply a double series of retractile fleshy tubercles, by means of which they can wriggle along slowly. (See my article in the RURAL of Nov. 6, 1858, which refers to this family on the potato question.)

As to the remedy to arrest the mischief, I am forced simply to suggest such Mr. SHEPHARD says he tried, without effect—plaster of Paris. Perhaps lime and wood ashes before a shower of rain would prove effectual. On a small scale, the decoction of walnut leaves has proved beneficial. Warm soap suds could be tried also. The truth is, they are hardy little villains, and, like the New York Zouaves, not easily routed.

I would advise friend S. to keep an eye on them, and discover where they came from, whether the grubs were hatched in his corn-field, or, in other words, whether they underwent their change from the grub to the beetle in his field, or came there on the wing from some neighboring plants, which they abandoned, preferring the corn. It were well to discover where they lay their eggs, and what the larvæ feed on before they become small beetles. Having had no opportunity to observe their habits, and unable to find any author who has published anything concerning this class, I of course can only reason from analogy—a field so vast, and presenting such a diversity of facts, as to admonish me to say no more.

Since writing the above article, I find that the corn weevil is called "*Sphenophorus antiqua*" by Dr. LE CONTE, being identical with one so named by him in Mr. RATHVON's cabinet. This insect was not known to SAY, or to MELSHEIMER, and others of their day, or it would have been in the catalogue. It seems to have been equally unknown to HARRIS and FITCH, hence this is a creature whose history is yet to be developed by observation.

THE DAIRY.—No. IX.

BUTTER.

IN the manufacture of butter, the best guide to a new beginner would be the knowledge obtained by visiting some of the best dairies in the State. But as that would hardly be convenient, I have selected from various volumes of the Transactions of the State Society, statements made by those who obtained premiums for their butter in different years. It will be noted that there is a diversity in the minor details, showing that there is, as yet, no absolute rule which can be applied to all places and persons. The first statement is made by Mr. H. S. CARPENTER, of Chemung county, who is among our best and most successful dairymen, and who churns the milk and cream together. He says:

"The milk, when drawn, is strained into tin pails, holding twelve quarts each, and set on the bottom of the cellar, which is a water lime cement, where it remains until it becomes loppered. It is then, both milk and cream, poured into churns holding a barrel each; a pailful of water to six of milk added, and the whole brought to the temperature of 68 degrees. The churning is done by horse-power, and requires about two hours. Just before the butter has fully come, another pailful of water to six of milk is put into each churn, to thin the buttermilk, so that the butter may rise freely. The butter is taken from the churn into large wooden bowls, thoroughly washed with cold water, and salted with about one ounce of Ashton salt to a pound of butter, and lightly worked through with a common ladle. It is afterwards worked at intervals of about three or four hours, for four or five times, with a common ladle, and packed into firkins the next morning. The firkins are filled within an inch or so of the top, a thin cloth spread over the butter, and that covered with salt and brine through the season. When the weather becomes cool, to hasten the thickening of the milk a quart or two of buttermilk is left in each pail when the milk is strained."

Mr. ZOLLAR, of St. Lawrence county, early in the spring and late in the fall, sets his milk and churns the cream in the usual manner. In the summer he strains one day's milk into six churns, and churns the next morning by horse-power, the milk being sour but not loppered. Churns the milk in preference to the cream because it is less labor, and because he obtains more butter from the same quantity of milk, and the butter is more readily produced from sour than from the sweet milk. The butter is freed from the milk and whey by washing in cold, hard water; and when the milk is washed out, the butter is put in a butter worker and rolled with a heavy, smooth roller, using no water. This renders the butter free from all milk or whey. Water is used for freeing the butter from the milk. Salts with ground rock salt to taste. At the request of the Secretary, Mr. ZOLLAR made the following experiments to test the difference in churning the cream and milk together, or only the cream.

Sept. 10th.—Took 208 quarts of milk and strained into pans,—set till cream had thoroughly risen,—skimmed and churned cold,—produced 17½ lbs. of butter ready for packing.

Sept. 11th.—Took 208 quarts of milk, strained into churns, stood till sour but not loppered—churned and treated in same manner, gave 19¼ lbs. of butter ready for packing; being a gain of 10 per cent. over churning the cream. Perhaps a longer continued series of experiments would have varied the results, but 7 per cent. may be considered as the established difference,—an important item to the dairyman.

Mr. CARPENTER follows the English and Dutch method more nearly than Mr. ZOLLAR, in preparing the milk for churning. The custom there is to so arrange their vessels, (they use what we call crocks, or jars, rather than tin,) that three milkings shall be strained together, and churn cream and milk as soon as the whole mass is well loppered. They do not add water to the milk before or while churning. And I think Mr. CARPENTER's butter would retain a higher aroma and flavor if he omitted the water, though I know his butter is excellent.

I now give the methods where the cream alone is churned, and the first statement is by Mr. HENRY N. KIMBALL, of Jefferson county, in the same volume:

"Milk is placed in a well ventilated room with as much surface exposed to the north as possible, the rest shaded so as to keep cool,—is warmed in fall and winter by means of stove. The cream is taken off as soon as the milk becomes thick, and sometimes before. It should be taken off before any specks show themselves on the cream. The cream is kept at about 56° to 58°, by means of coolers suspended in the well. Milk should be closely watched and not let stand too long, as it injures the quality of the butter. Cold water is used to rinse the butter, as being the best and most expeditious way of freeing it from milk. Good butter cannot be produced in hot weather without the use of water. Use Ashton salt, three-quarters of an ounce to the pound. Pack in shaved ash tubs, made from heart stuff, as all sap timber in the tub will soak the brine and become mouldy. Pack as solid as possible and cover with a cloth and a thick coat of salt, and exclude from air as much as possible."

Messrs. M. C. & G. H. NORTON, of St. Lawrence county, say,—"In summer, if the heat of the weather require it, ice is kept in the strainer pail while straining. The milk is allowed to stand in tin pans in the milk-house till thick. The cream is then skimmed into stone jars, and allowed to stand in a cool cellar, being occasionally stirred till a sufficient quantity accumulates, when it is churned with a dash churn by dog-power, ice being added if necessary. In the winter the treatment is the same, except the milk-house is warmed by a stove, and the cream is warmed in the jars by the stove before churning. The butter, on being taken from the churn with a ladle, is washed with hard water, as long as it is tinged with the milk. After being washed, it is salted with ground rock salt, five and a half pounds in winter, spring, and fall, and seven and a half pounds of salt to one hundred pounds of butter that is to stand in the cellar through the summer. The next morning after being salted, the butter is worked on an oak worker and packed in oak firkins or ash tubs, with ash or oak covers. Reject basswood covers, as they injure the butter to the depth of four to six inches. Firkins preserve the butter best in going to market."

Hon. J. C. COLLINS, of Lewis county, "strains the milk into pans and sets them upon racks made expressly for the purpose. It stands from thirty to forty-eight hours, as the weather may require, when the cream is taken off and placed in Schooley's Patent Preservatory, where it is kept and set,—churned every day. The butter is taken from the churn with a ladle and put into a machine to extract the milk from the butter without washing. It is then again placed in the Preservatory for twelve hours, when it is worked over and packed in tubs. Water is not used in cleansing butter, because I consider salt a better purifier than water. Ground Liverpool salt is used, an ounce to the pound."

That Mr. COLLINS makes first quality of butter, I can bear personal testimony, from having eaten it at his own pleasant home, in Turin. The attention of the reader is called to the use which he makes of his Patent Preservatory; and it will be found almost an invaluable and indispensable adjunct to every farm of any magnitude, whether grain or dairy. It is easy of construction, cheap, and combines all the advantages of the ice-house with those of the most perfect Preservatory. It will not answer for a milk-room, being too cool, but is admirable for cream and butter. The temperature is maintained so low that fresh meats, fruits, indeed every thing in the eating line, can be kept as long as desired in perfect condition.

Mr. J. HOLBERT, of Chemung county, (Vol. 14 Trans. Ag. Society,) "Has his cellar thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed early every spring. Keeps his milk in one cellar and butter in another. Too much care cannot be taken by dairymen to observe the time of churning. Usually churns from one hour to one hour and a half. Puts from one to two pails of cold water in each churn before commencing to churn, and one pail more in each churn when nearly done, in order to thin the milk and make it produce all the butter it contains." His after treatment is similar to Mr. CARPENTER's. He continues: "Great care should be taken not to let the milk stand too long before churning, as in that case, in hot weather, it becomes sour, and the butter will be sour also, and in cool weather it becomes bitter; all of which can be prevented—in cool weather by putting about a quart of buttermilk in each pan or tub, before straining the milk; and in hot weather by churning as soon as the milk becomes thick and moist on top of the cream." He churns the milk and cream together. The best temperature for the cream or milk is at 50° to 60°. If below, the butter will be too long in coming; if above, it will be soft, and not as good flavor. To make good butter, requires good pasturage,—the older the sod the better, if intended for long keeping,—good pure water, pure air around the milk-room, pure cream, pure salt, and a good dairywoman. Care and cleanliness must be had, for without them good, sweet, luscious butter is an impossibility.

Having had opportunities for examining the products of the best dairies, both at home and in foreign countries, I affirm without fear of contradiction in fact, that there is no better butter made than can be produced in this State, and it is our own fault that the great mass which goes to market is not of the very first quality. We have made great improvements in the last ten years; let us still further improve, for no other State has so much good butter land as the State of New York.—F.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE BUTCHER BIRD—GREAT AMERICAN SHRIKE.

TALKING of birds, with Mr. WAKEMAN, he commended, with a good deal of enthusiasm, the bird with the above name. He regards it the most useful bird he has about his place. One of the greatest difficulties he has to contend with in his orchard culture is the depredations of the mice. He asserts that they kill more trees for him than the severe winters, or than all other causes. This Shrike destroys mice in great numbers, eats them, and when filled, hangs all it can get a sight at on the spurs or thorns of trees. Two or three years since the mice were over-running his orchard. They suddenly disappeared, and he noticed that the Butcher birds were very active. Mr. WAKEMAN has seen a dozen mice impaled on the short spurs of a single tree; snakes, frogs, small birds, young rats, moles, &c., are victims of their butcherous propensities.

THE SAPSUCKER.

We asked about this bird, of which so much has been written, and about whose usefulness there is so much question. Mr. WAKEMAN replied, "It is of no benefit to me to have them around, I assure you. I saw that my nice, healthy pines were suffering from some cause, and I resolved to know the reason. I soon found out, for I did not have to watch long before I saw these rascally Sapsuckers pegging away into my clean, healthy, smooth-barked pines. I shot one or two of them in the act, and immediately dissected them. I found the fresh, healthy, green bark in their craws, but no insect of any sort. They are not to be tolerated."

They seem to do the most damage in September, when on their way south. They are regarded as migratory, but Mr. W. says he has frequently seen them in the timber belts in mid-winter, when they hunt a rotten limb all over to get a grub.

PEAR CULTURE IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

Your western readers are aware, and perhaps most of your eastern readers also, that there has been a great deal of croaking about this country as a fruit region. Even among us now are men who wisely shake their heads and assert that it is useless! The apple and the pear will not thrive here. I am writing this the first day of July—and within two weeks I have seen at least *two thousand* healthy, thrifty, (and most of them,) *bearing* dwarf and standard pear trees,—not in one locality, nor on the same kind of soil, with like exposure,—but on the light soil I have described as WAKEMAN's, on the pure sand, on gravel and sand, on the stiff clay, and on the low, black prairie,—with partial protection, with complete protection, and without any protection,—near the lake, and under the influences of the lake winds, and away from the lake and its influences. At WAKEMAN's I saw 1,200 trees in a body, many of them in bearing, thrifty, healthy, and as promising as any like number at Mt. Hope. The favorite pears here, (at WAKEMAN's) because of their hardiness and productiveness, are the Flemish Beauty, Louise Bonne de Jersey, and Virgalieu. The Flemish Beauty is the *one* he would choose for extended culture, if but one.

"These trees look healthy," said I.

"O, the pears are all right. I find it about as easy to get a bushel of pears as a bushel of apples. My exertions are to keep pear trees *down*. If I use the knife, it is on the *top*, not the side limbs. They come in quite early bearing when kept down. It pays to cultivate pears and other fruit a great deal better than corn. People, and especially western people, do not believe it, but I tell you it is so."

There are other cultivators beside Mr. WAKEMAN, who talk in much the same style. From what I can gather, from present prospects, the show of pears at our western exhibitions this year will be large and fine. We shall hope for an opportunity to show beside eastern fruit.

I should say here that those who have the largest pear orchards are planting and intend to plant more. The culture given these trees is varied in character. Mr. WAKEMAN's pear culture is not unlike that heretofore described as practiced with his apples. He plants close, believing that the trees will quickly protect each other, and will need no other protection. His pear orchard has a southern and eastern exposure with scarce any western protection. The base limbs of his trees are as near the ground as they can be got—some of them lying directly upon it. It should be remembered that this ground has nothing but surface drainage—the water, in a wet time, standing within two feet of the surface unless drained off. The writer is convinced it is not safe to assert that this is not a fruit country.

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TOADS AND BEES.

We had been watching the work of fifty swarms of bees which stood on the edge of a locust grove, as they came sweeping down to their Langstroth homes.

"Wonderful workers!" said I.

"Yes, they are that,—and how they do travel!—I believe they have a range here of a circle of at least twenty miles, which they glean. And yet you would hardly believe that these lively bees, armed as they are, are the victims of great clumsy, black, filthy toads?"

"I have seen it so asserted, but have no further evidence that toads eat bees."

"Well, they do. I did not believe it; but I met an old gentleman at a fair who told me to kill all toads I caught about bee-hives—said they ate bees—I determined to know. Last year at bee swarming, I was watching my bees, and saw a large fat scamp of a black warty toad near the hives. There were a good many bees on the ground, about on the grass where I had just hived a swarm. I determined to watch Mr. Toad, though with little faith that I should prove him guilty.

Pretty soon I saw him show signs of animation. He gave one or two pretty good jumps in the direction of the bees, then began to crawl, like a pointer after a prairie chicken, until he got within three or four inches of the bee, when smack! went his chops, and the bee was gone! 'My stars'! thought I, 'Is it possible that fellow took a bee then'? 'Now hold still,' says I, 'just let me watch you a little longer, my fellow.' I waited and watched. Pretty soon snap! went, and another bee was gone, and I saw the fellow take up a half dozen in that manner. I tell you my dander was getting up by this time, and I up with a piece of board and keeled the fellow over, and out with my knife, and ripped open his pouch of a stomach, and I am willing to take my oath that I took *fifty-two bees!*—whole bees, mind you, beside the partially digested ones. There was nothing but bees in the stomach."

"Now sir, none of those black dirty rascals stay about my bees. The thing ought to be generally known. Why, they will destroy two or three small colonies in a season. If any one doubts the assertion that toads eat bees, let them cut open the first one they find about a hive. I have cut open a great many since, and have never found one that did not have bees in his stomach, and little else."

Such is WAKEMAN on Toads!

* * *

CROPS, &c., IN SOUTHERN KENTUCKY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—About ten days ago I started in company with a friend up the country about twenty-five miles, for a visit. We intended spending about a week in visiting friends in two adjoining counties. We found them in the midst of the wheat cutting. A finer crop of wheat I think has never been raised in Southern Kentucky than has been raised this year. Large and beautiful fields of it were being chiseled down by the reapers. The land is gently rolling in its character, free from all obstructions in many places, and consequently fine for the reaping machine.

In the vicinity where I was, there were six planters who, together would, at the lowest estimate, raise 12,000 bushels of wheat. This, taken in consideration with the fact that such vast quantities of corn are planted, and tobacco also, (as this is the central tobacco region,) shows an uncommon wheat crop. The Hon. Mr. B., late member of Congress, said there would be wheat enough in Kentucky this year to feed both the federate and confederate armies for six months.

The weather of late has been extremely warm and dry. The prospect for tobacco is rather poor, and if we do not get rain soon it will be bad enough. Poor chance this year, at all events, for the sale of tobacco, and probabilities are that but a small crop will be raised.

War of course stagnates every thing. I remarked to my friend, as we were riding on horseback through a large plantation, listening to the reapers as they were doing their noble work, that it was a sad thought that perhaps in many places within sound of the glorious reapers, might be heard the booming of cannon. It seems to me many times, as I witness the quiet and ennobling works of agriculture going on, that all this clangor of arms is but a dream, but a moment of reflection tells me that it is true—painfully true.

I still pray that GOD may preserve us from the dire ravages of civil war. Oh! for the time when the sword may be again beaten into the plow-share in our own land, and when the golden harvests may not be required to feed devouring armies. B.

Princeton, Ky., June 21, 1861.

* * *

ABOUT SHEEP, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW YORKER:—In reply to an article on Wintering Sheep, signed "M. C.," dated June, 1861, in No. 26 of your journal, which is a reply to my article in No. 22, (signed by mistake WM. J. TRIPP instead of WM. I. KIP) I would here say that what I then wrote was intended to treat on the cheapness of wintering sheep, as there appeared communications from two compeers in your paper on that head, and nothing on the subject or best mode of fattening sheep. When we come to treat on that point, I prefer feeding grain, and not too sparingly—and *that* to such stock as comes to maturity young, such as swine; but sheep I believe we raise for other purposes than merely for the butcher's stall and to satiate the gormandizers.

Sheep I think very profitable for other purposes; and I do not deem it profitable to fatten them until after they are three years old, and then some how or other they get fat and fit for market without the grain, as every good farmer may find his flock, especially those without lambs and the wethers. I have now as many lambs as ewes that are over one year old; and my flock of forty has this year shorn 222 lbs. of clean washed wool. You will find in Vol. 10, No. 12, of your journal, my experience on the profitableness of sheep keeping. WM. I. KIP.

Macedon, N. Y., 1861.

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MIXING SOILS, OR SUBSOILING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—We had a valuable piece of loam that, in our Vermont market, was worth one hundred dollars per acre. One corner of this ran into a boggy, bushy swale. After clearing we *tried* to plow, rolling the broken bog from a white, cold, pipe-sand bottom. After a few years it cultivated readily, yielding about one-fourth the average crop of the piece. Water, at times, passed about two rods from the line fences. Moving the fence, we plowed a course for it on the line some eighteen inches deep, getting a coarse, rusty gravel sand, which we scraped upon the soil described above. Either soil, by itself, was just about worthless, but after cultivating, which mixed and exposed the soil, it produced remarkable crops, without manure,—much more, even, than the rest of the piece.

Mr. H. C. HUNT tells me that in setting a young orchard, he dug the holes the fall before. On planting the field to corn, for experiment, he put a hill on each knoll thrown out, the original hole being filled with surface soil. The result was a miserable growth of stalks. The next year, repeating the trial, the knoll hills were heaviest of all, though the field was highly cultivated. In this case, probably, the increase was owing to the decomposition of the soil by exposure, producing vegetation where it had been impossible. In the first case one soil happened to furnish just what the other lacked—air and water, too, having much to do in producing the result.

Now, we have a piece of muck, light and pretty to handle when in the right state of moisture. On plowing into the subsoil, a complete putty clay was *torn* up, for it would scarcely plow at all. This has proved a serious damage to the productiveness of the land, although it has been exposed to the action of air and water for three years. So we must be guided by experience and reason, as well as "book knowledge." A. J. STOW.

New Haven, Vt., 1861.

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Rural Spirit of the Press.

Compost for Corn.

C. J. SIMONS, of West Hartford, Vt., sends the *Boston Cultivator* the following:—"A good compost for corn is made by mixing three bushels of lime, six of ashes, and one hundred pounds of plaster. This may be put in the hill when planting, or around the corn at the first hoeing. A small handful to each hill is as good as a large shovelful of rotten manure. It has been tried with good success on corn, and is equally good for potatoes."

How Swiss Cheese is Made.

THE manner in which Swiss peasants combine to carry on cheese-making by their united efforts, deserves to be noted. Each parish in Switzerland hires a man, generally from the district of Groyere, in the canton of Freyburgh, to take care of the herd and make the cheese; one cheeseman, one pressman or assistant, and one cowherd, are considered necessary for every forty cows. The owners of the cows get credit in a book for the quantity of milk given by each cow daily. The cheeseman and his assistants milk the cows, put the milk all together, and make cheese of it; and at the end of the season each owner receives the weight of cheese proportionable to the quantity of milk his cows have delivered. By this co-operative plan, instead of small-sized, unmarketable cheeses, which each owner could produce out of his three or four cows' milk, he has the same weight in large, marketable cheeses, superior in quality, because made by people who attend to no other business. The cheeseman and his assistants are paid so much per head of the cows in money or in cheese; or sometimes they hire the cows, and pay the owners in money or cheese. A similar system exists in the French Jura.

Moss on Roofs.

THERE is one thing, says the *American Agriculturist*, that nearly all people know if they would only attend to it; that is, to sprinkle slaked lime on the roofs of their buildings, in rainy days. Put it on considerably thick, so as to make the roof look white, and you will never be troubled with moss, and if the shingles are covered ever so thick with moss; by putting the lime on twice, it will take all the moss off, and leave the roof white and clean, and will look almost as well as if it had been painted. It ought to be done once a year, and, in my opinion, the shingles will last almost twice as long as they will to let the roof all grow over to moss. I tried it on the back side of my house, ten years ago, when the shingles were all covered over with moss, and they appeared to be nearly rotten. I gave the roof a heavy coating of lime, and have followed it every year since then, and the roof is better now than it was then; and, to all appearance, if I follow my hand, it will last ten or fifteen years longer. The shingles have been on the roof thirty years. There is no more risk about sparks catching on the roof than on a newly shingled roof. Those that do not have lime near by, can use good strong wood ashes, and these will answer a very good purpose to the same end.

Breeding and Management of Swine.

A WRITER in the *Stock Journal*, and one who seems to know whereof he affirms, gives the following directions on this subject:

"Much more depends on the treatment of sows, while suckling, than many persons seem to have the least idea of, both as regards mother and young. Many a fine sow and promising litter have been spoiled for want of proper treatment at this period. Most sows are feverish after farrowing, consequently they must have a spare diet of swill, such as sour milk or dish-water, or broth made of boiled potatoes, carrots, and oats, with a tablespoonful of sulphur once a day for two or three days—boiled oats are good alone. Some sows are very much debilitated, and require something stimulating; where they are very weak, a pudding made of middlings and corn meal, diluted with small quantities of wine and brandy, with new milk, given in small rations, but often. After two or three days, if all is well, the rations may be increased in quantity and be composed of any wholesome food, such as swill, milk, porridge, boiled vegetables of almost any kind, being thickened with middlings or corn meal. But, by the way, I would give no vegetables without cooking. The sow should have a chance to the ground from the first, for if not provided with charcoal or rotten wood, will eat much earth, which seems to act as a regulator. Never put fresh feed into the trough when some of the old mess remains, but give her no more than she will eat up, and at regular hours.

Feed sparingly for the first ten days. The more care taken of the sow at this time, the better the pigs will thrive, and the less it will pull down on the sow.

When the sow is weakly, or has not teats enough, or has not a sufficiency of milk, the young pigs can be learned to drink by inserting a small finger in the mouth, held in a basin of warm milk, or a small piece of wood made for the purpose, and put in a bottle, and use warm milk. In order to attract the attention of the puny pig from the others, make a noise with your mouth resembling a pig when eating or drinking milk; after the third trial, you will have no difficulty in selling your pot.

If you wish to handle pigs, put your hand under the belly and raise them up quickly and they will not squeal; but never put your hand on a pig's back, unless you want him to run and squeal. They are very sensitive to anything from above.

If you should want to make anything very nice of your pigs (for you can,) when the pigs are about ten days old, commence to carry the basin of warm milk into the pen, and let the pig get hold of the edge of the basin, and spill a little into the mouth; if he gets any he is learned. Make a small pen outside of the pen, and cut a small hole, not large enough for the old sow, but for the pigs to come into the little pen; then put a small flat trough in it, and feed them each time of feeding the sow; but at first with sweet milk, and as they advance in age, give them of the same as the sow."

Harvesting Timothy Seed.

S. EDWARDS TODD gives his methods of harvesting this crop in the *Country Gentleman* of the 4th instant. He says:

I have been accustomed to practice several different ways of gathering timothy seed, being influenced by circumstances.

If the timothy was very tall, not too heavy, we cut it with a grain-cradle, cutting it as high as practicable, after which it was raked and bound, and set up in long shocks, and allowed to cure about three or four days,—according to the state of the weather,—when it was hauled to the barn. The stubble was then cut close to the ground for hay. Sometimes, when the bottom of the grass was not very thick, we cut it with a machine close to the ground, and left it in small gavels for a day or two, if the weather was favorable for making hay, when we would turn them over, and stir them up a little, and then bind them, and as they were cured they were hauled to the barn, and not put into a large solid mow, but spread over a large surface, so as not to injure the vitality of the seed.

Another way, which has been my most uniform practice, is, to mow the grass with a scythe, as soon as the seed is ripe enough to be cut, and allow it to remain about one day in the swath, just as it was mowed; and the next day, if the swaths were rather thick and heavy, we would turn them upside down, by running a long fork handle, or a smooth light pole, under the swath near the tops of the grass, and turn it over bodily. Should there be some very thick and green bunches in some places, they should be stirred up, so that the whole would dry out in a day or so if the weather were favorable. As soon as it is cured, we would bind in small bundles, and shock it and allow it to cure for several days, when it may be stacked or put in the barn.

Most farmers allow their seed to remain too long in the field after it is cut. The *seed* is very small when compared with kernels of cereal grains, and consequently does not require as long time to cure. As soon as the straw is well cured, there will be no fears about the seed.

Kicking and Runaway Horses.

THE experiments of Rarey, the horse-tamer, and the promulgation of his theory of training and management, are bringing before the public much useful knowledge on this interesting subject. Whatever may help to bring the horse, especially the vicious horses, as they are called, more completely under the subjection of man, without the necessity of resorting to cruel treatment, ought to be known by all who have the management of horses. We heard, a day or two since, a description of the taming of a kicking horse, and another who was an inveterate runaway, by methods so simple and Rareyish that we cannot forbear to publish them for the benefit of horseologists in general. If you have a horse that has a habit, when in harness, of bringing his heels in contact with the dasher, and damaging the vehicle by kicking, proceed as follows:

Place around his neck a band, like that used for the martingale. Then take two tight straps, buckle them to the bit on either side, pass them through the neck-band and thence inside the girth, and strap them securely to each fetlock of the hind feet, taking care to have them of the proper length. When a horse is rigged thus, if he attempts to "kick up behind," each effort will bring his head down in such a manner as to astonish him, and perhaps throw him over on his head. He will make but a few attempts to kick, when he finds that his head is tied to his heels, and two or three lessons will cure him altogether.

The method of reforming a runaway is equally simple and effectual. First of all, fasten some thick pads upon your horse's knees; then buckle a strap, about the size of a rein, upon each fetlock forward, and pass the straps through the hame rings, and lead the straps back to the driver's hand, as he sits in the buggy. He has thus four reins in his hand. Start the animal without fear; do not worry him with a strong pull upon the bit, but talk to him friendly. When he attempts to run, he must of course bend his forward legs. Now pull sharply on one of the foot reins, and the effect will be to raise one of his forward feet to his shoulder. He is a three-legged horse now, and when he has gone on in that way a little distance, drop the constrained foot and jerk up the other. He can't run faster on three legs than you can pull, and when you have tired him on both sides pretty thoroughly, or if he refuse to trot kindly and to obey your voice and a moderate pull on the bit, you can raise both his feet, and drop him upon his knees, and let him make a few bounds in that position. The animal will soon find that he can't run away; that he is completely in your power, and by soothing words you will be able to convince him that you are his friend. Within a week or two, some horses that were quite valuable in every respect but their bad habits of kicking and running in harness, were cured by the methods above described. The experiments are such as can be made by any person at all accustomed to managing horses, and we hope it may prove serviceable to some of our readers.

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Inquiries and Answers.

CARE OF MULES.—Will some one acquainted with the use of mules, state through the columns of the RURAL, whether there should be anything in their care, or feed, different from horses, and oblige—T. R. A., *Fond du Lac, Wis.*, 1861.

LAYING WALL ON HARD PAN LAND.—Will not some of the RURAL readers inform us how we can, on our hard pan land, lay wall or under-pin barns, so that the frost will not throw it down?—INQUIRER, *Alfred Center, Allegany Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

GRAIN FOR GRASS FED HORSES.—I would like to hear the opinion of the RURAL'S numerous correspondents upon the subject of feeding grain to grass fed horses. This is a subject I never have seen treated in any work on the horse, and I have examined several for that purpose. Farmers often have occasion to drive their horses two or three days fresh from the pasture where grass cannot be obtained, and in the opinion of some, grain is of no benefit for so short a time, either on hay or grass. Light upon this subject would be gratefully received by many.—M. L. B., *New York*, 1861.

OXEN VS. HORSES.—I am about to commence farming on my "own hook"—having 85 acres of rolling limestone clay, situated seven miles from the city of Fond du Lac. But what I want to know is, What team can I work with the most profit, Oxen or Horses? Now I am rather inclined to believe that a good yoke of heavy, smart Oxen are the team for a small farm of 80 acres. Horses command $250 to $275; harness, $30; whiffletrees, $4. And if you work horses hard they consume no small amount of oats and hay. Oxen are $80 to $85. I suppose it would answer to keep one good easy-keeping horse to go to mill, and to town to meeting, making him generally useful by working him ahead of the cattle. We do not feed our working Oxen any grain in the spring; think good timothy and clover good enough; they are always in good order. I want some experienced old farmer to answer the above and oblige.—OSCAR BRANT, *near Fond du Lac, Wis., June*, 1861.

P. S. How would mules or asses do, friend H. T. B.?

Rural Notes and Items.

WEATHER, CROPS, &c.—The heavy rain of the 1st and 2d inst., which lasted nearly forty hours, was greatly needed, and proved of immense benefit. Though the temperature was quite cool during the storm, (so much so that many sheep, recently shorn, died from exposure,) the warm weather which succeeded was most favorable to the crops. The rain seems to have entirely "headed" the wheat midge in this section, temporarily at least, and winter wheat is now too far advanced to be materially affected. We had heard little of it previous to the rain. The prospects of most crops have greatly improved during the past week. The very warm temperature of the last few days has given corn a decidedly upward tendency, while wheat, barley, and other crops, are maturing rapidly.

— We learn from Genesee county that the midge has been prevalent, but most of the early wheat has escaped, while portions that were injured by the winter and were late have suffered materially. Grass is a fair crop. Corn is backward, and many places light. Spring wheat has been extensively sown through the southern counties, and promises well; it is too late to be affected by the midge. Apples in that section will be very scarce.

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UP THE VALLEY.—A flying trip was paid to portions of Livingston county last week, and from the few brief opportunities afforded for making observations upon agricultural affairs, we should judge the present prospects of the farmers quite encouraging. *Wheat* is sown in goodly breadth, and though the crop will be materially lessened because of dryness, still it will turn out comparatively well. We heard nothing concerning the midge. *Corn* looked slim enough until the rain of the 1st and 2d insts., but the moisture of that period, and the warmth which has since prevailed, have pushed it forward, and it now looks and promises satisfactorily to those most interested. *Barley* is, generally speaking, magnificent. *Oats* will prove light. *Peas* are beginning to claim more attention at the hands of farmers in the northern portion of the county. In the town of Avon they have been extensively grown for some years. *Root Crops* seem to be all that can be desired.

— The Horse Show, held under the auspices of the County Ag. Society, at Geneseo, on the 4th inst., was a triumph. Competitors were numerous in all the classes, the animals exhibited were superior, and, as a consequence, the treasury of the Society received a "benefit."

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CONDITION OF OHIO CROPS.—The Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture has furnished *Field Notes* a table of the condition of the crops for the month of June, in thirty-three counties of Ohio, mostly of the central east and west belt and the north western basin. The following is an abstract of the most noticeable points.—Wheat reported average, fair, good and very good, except in western counties; price from 85c. to $1 20 per bushel. Barley is said to be good in most of the counties where it is usually grown. Rye do. Clover good and very good in the clover regions. Corn good nearly everywhere, only it is late in some places. Oats good nearly everywhere. Flax generally not reported, and good only in Delaware, Greene, Miami and Van Wert. Grass mostly good—light in some of the northern counties. Sorgho little reported, good in Greene, Miami, Noble, Van Wert and Vinton. We presume that as this is not a general crop, the actual condition and breadth are not well known. Potatoes good. Wool is reported "good," which refers doubtless to the quality and quantity of the clip, but is rather indefinite. Fruits are generally reported "poor," "few," "killed" and "none," except in the north-west.

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AN EXTRA GOOD COW.—Last week we published an item stating that a five year-old native cow, (in Massachusetts,) weighing 975 lbs., gave 1,333 lbs. of milk in one month, from which was made 54½ lbs. of butter—her feed being rowen hay, with two quarts of cob meal daily, the first half of the time, and simply pasture the last half. This was considered a good yield, yet we had heard of a cow, near this city, which had done much better, and, having since seen her owner, are enabled to give the figures. Mr. LAUREN PARSONS, of Gates, in this county, has a grade cow (three-fourths Durham,) from which he last year made 18 lbs. of butter in one week, besides using a portion of her milk for a family of three persons. He has this season made 17 lbs. of butter in a week from the milk of the same cow, and also used cream three times a day for strawberries! The cow had no extra feed in either case—only pasture. Mr. P. was offered $50 for this cow a few days ago, but refused to part with her. She gives over 30 quarts of milk per day, and Mr. PARSONS challenges the State to produce her equal.

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BE CAREFUL IN USING THE MACHINES.—Now that the grain harvest is in progress at the West, we are receiving accounts of serious accidents. Among others, a Tiffin (Ohio) paper says a farmer of that vicinity was driving a McCormick reaper through his field, when the horses shied, and threw him from his seat, so that he was caught by the scythe of the machine, *which cut off both his hands at the wrist!* As the season is approaching for operating harvesting machinery in this region, we would caution all interested to be on their guard against accidents. The war will unavoidably kill or maim a number of people this year, and we trust the members and muscles of agricultural laborers will escape more generally than in former seasons. The young and inexperienced should be especially careful. Many painful, and not unfrequently fatal, accidents occur every season by negligence in the use of mowers, reapers, threshers, straw cutters, etc., and all should remember that "caution is the parent of safety." Ambitious and inexperienced harvesters, heed the admonition!

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MINOR ITEMS.—The Pennsylvania State Ag. Society has decided not to hold a State Fair this year.—— Letters from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, speak favorably of the progress of wheat harvest, and the yield.—— The Livingston Co. Horse Show, at Geneseo, 4th inst., and that of Wayne Co., at Lyons, on the 3d and 4th, are reported to have been quite successful—the exhibitions good, and profits on the right side.—— New England will not grow as much tobacco this year as formerly. Many Connecticut farmers are giving up the crop, and a Springfield (Mass.) paper says not half the ground usually planted with tobacco in that vicinity will be set this year, owing to the dull market and the war. —— Alderman MECHI, of London, has started an institution for the relief of aged and indigent English farmers.

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THE COMET, which burst upon our eyes with such splendor on the 2d of the month, not far above the horizon, in the neck of the Great Bear, has now (the 5th) risen to such an elevation as to show us its declination. On the 3d it was clear that it was *following its train*, and must have passed its nearest point to the sun (or its perihelion) before it was visible. It seems not to be noticed, that *the train or tail is always opposite to the sun* in respect to the nucleus or body of the comet. Hence, in descending towards the sun and its perihelion, the train is always behind the body of the comet, and after perihelion is before it. In the position of this comet, the nucleus necessarily follows the train.

The magnificent comet of 1858 (DONATI'S) was seen weeks before its perihelion, and the train followed it, increasing in length and brilliancy, rising upwards as it passed above the sun, till it was nearly perpendicular to the horizon as the comet's apparent path was near Arcturus, in the north-west; but the train was distinctly seen after the perihelion, forward of the nucleus, as if leading it on its course. In this position it was seen for two or three evenings only, as it set so soon after the sun. In the case of the present Comet, the elevation after the perihelion enables us to see it through the night. The body and the train are decreasing in brightness, and must ere long disappear. This Comet was not visible to us earlier than the first of July, because it was *above our horizon by day*, and shut out of sight, as are the stars, by the sun. Its very position and course made it necessary for it to appear suddenly in its greatest splendor. Whether this Comet has before appeared, will soon be made public. The observations by astronomers must already have been made, by which the elements of the orbit will soon be calculated, and the examination will show whether this Comet has before been recognized.

— Though comets have sometimes more than one train, this has only one, unless one lies over the other. Beyond the broader part of the train, a very long tapering pencil of light has been noticed at times as extending far towards the Milky Way, but it appears as only the one termination of the one tail or train. [illegible]

The News Condenser.

— Flour is selling at $20 per barrel at Galveston, Texas.

— Protestantism is spreading rapidly throughout Sardinia.

— The papers of St. Louis are advertising for a Governor.

— There are now three Iowa regiments in Northern Missouri.

— An immense mail is received and made up daily at Fortress Monroe.

— The Mobile Mercury has been changed from a daily to a weekly issue.

— Admiral Sir Richard Dundas, one of the Lords of the British Admiralty, is dead.

— Fifteen hundred acres have been planted with cotton in Jamaica as an experiment.

— The Boston Post has been reduced in size, owing to the falling off in advertisements.

— Persons from Georgia represent that a strong Union feeling prevails at several points.

— The liberal and patriotic Philadelphians fed four thousand volunteers on Friday week.

— The Leavenworth Conservative complains of hot weather—thermometer 98° in the shade.

— The New Orleans papers are boasting of the fine ripe peaches for sale in their markets.

— Small change is so scarce at Nashville, Tenn., that bills for 25 and 50 cents are now issued.

— It is announced that the Indian tribes which succumb to the rebels will forfeit all future annuities.

— The withdrawal of troops from Utah has caused apprehensions of Indian raids in that Territory.

— The tobacco crop of the United States for 1860 amounted to 195,000 hogsheads, valued at $10,000,000.

— The reported death of Mr. Charles Lever, the celebrated Irish novelist, is authoritatively contradicted.

— A tete-de pont is a field fortification in front of a bridge to cover the retreat of an army across a river.

— Specie exportation from New York during the last fiscal year, $23,845,000. Previous year, $53,099,000.

— The specie in the banks of New Orleans decreases at the rate of one hundred thousand dollars per week.

— Gov. Buckingham, it is said, has dismissed Col. Colt from any control over the 5th Connecticut Regiment.

— The Vicksburg Whig says that its expenses are now one hundred dollars per week in excess of its receipts.

— Six hundred thousand men are deemed necessary by the French Government for the defence of the Empire.

— The population of New York State by the official census, is 3,887,542; of the wards of New York city, 805,657.

— One hundred thousand cotton spindles are now running in Bombay, and they are to be increased to a million.

— The steamer Hammonia, which has just arrived, brought about 20,000 arms for our troops. Others are coming.

— Dr. Alexander B. Mott, Inspecting Surgeon of N. Y. State Volunteers, has arrived in the city of Washington.

— The Clay statue at Lexington, Ky., has been successfully placed upon its monument, and the scaffolding removed.

— The State of Virginia has spent money and incurred debts together to the amount of $4,000,000 since the war began.

— The seventeen year locusts have made their appearance in several counties of Illinois bordering on the Mississippi.

— They talk of having a statue of the Prince of Wales in Montreal. Subscriptions for that purpose are being raised.

— The law under which the Buccaneers of the privateer Savannah will be tried, was passed by Congress in April, 1790.

— The Wheeling Convention has adjourned to the first Tuesday in August. The Legislature met in that city Monday last.

— The Government has ordered fifty batteries, consisting of six field pieces each, of what is called the Griffin rifle gun.

— The Irish papers announce the death of Mrs. W. Smith O'Brien, wife of the celebrated revolutionary patriot of 1848.

— The case of the condemned British schooner, Tropic Wind, will probably be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

— Four millions of whites in England are dependent on the production of cotton by four millions of blacks in the United States.

— Applications from 375 ladies have already been filed at the State House in Boston, for positions as nurses to the troops.

— Three negroes, who evinced an insurrectionary spirit in Richmond county, N. C., last week, were shot dead by their master.

— Receipts of California gold into New York for the year ending 30th June last, $34,073,000. Previous year, $39,784,000.

— Kansas will furnish seven regiments, to be commanded by Brigadier Gen. Lane, who received his commission on the 20th inst.

— The Mobile papers are urging the necessity of confiscating all the property in that city which is owned by Northern citizens.

— The exports of ice from Boston this year to June 1st, amounted to 60,948 tuns, against 74,727 tuns in the same period last year.

— The total number of vessels employed in trade and commerce in Great Britain, exclusive of river steamers, is 20,019, of 4,251,739 tuns.

— The amount of deposits in the New Orleans banks decreased, between the 8th and 15th of June, over six hundred thousand dollars.

— Grain of all kinds has been lavishly sown in Southern Pennsylvania and Maryland, and gives evidence of a superabundant harvest.

— The exports of domestic produce from New York for the year ending 30th ult., amounted to $117,933,000. Previous year, $70,250,000.

— At a recent sale in London, 80 manuscript poems of Burns, in his own hand-writing, many of them unpublished were disposed of.

— The price of the Enfield rifle has risen from sixteen to twenty-one dollars in England, in consequence of the demand from this country.

— During the first four months of the present year the British importation of foreign breadstuffs amounted to ninety millions of dollars.

— At Havana, an Anglo-Spanish Cotton Company, capital $4,000,000, has been established for the extension of cotton cultivation in Cuba.

— Forty thousand cartridges—musket, Minie, Enfield, revolver and artillery—are now daily manufactured at the Indiana State Arsenal.

— The Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph Company have completed arrangements for building a line between Keokuk and Burlington, Iowa.

— Richard D. Morris, aged 98, died at his residence, in Pittsylvania county, Va., on the 30th ult. Deceased was at the surrender of Yorktown.

— The population of England and Wales, in 1860, was but 20,000,000. The number of paupers in Great Britain the same year, was about 1,000,000.

— The notice of the American Postmaster-General about the stoppage of the mails to the seceded States, has been published in Paris without comment.

— An English gentleman, who lately traveled through Virginia, says that when he passed through Manassas, the rebels were drilling with pikes and axes.

— The steamer Golden Fleece from England, with troops and military stores for Quebec, passed Farther Point Monday week. She left Ireland on the 17th of June.

— The first Congregational church in Toledo, Ohio, and two dwellings adjoining, were destroyed by fire on the 17th ult. Loss $15,000, which is partially insured.

— The rebels are short of tents; they have no cloth; "the troops must blame Lincoln's blockade, which has cut off the supply of cloth," says the Richmond Dispatch.

HORTICULTURAL.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE USE OF SYNONYMS.

Complaint is made, and should be made, and should continue to be made, in consequence of the dodge which nurserymen resort to in order to sell their stock. All nurserymen do not act dishonestly; neither do all nurserymen *know* that they are selling their customers one thing with the name of another thing attached; but these ignorant nurserymen are hardly less deserving punishment; for such ignorance disqualifies them for their business, and people will quickly learn to place no confidence in them whatever.

To illustrate:—Within a week, in company with two or three intelligent amateur horticulturists, the writer has visited several private establishments in and near this city of Chicago, and has during that time found the same strawberry growing under the name of the Mammoth Prolific, Ohio Mammoth, Omer Pasha, (!) Early Washington, Iowa, and Iowa Male.

It is natural to ask the question, Which of these names is the right one? According to Western nomenclature, it is the "Early Washington" or "Iowa;" for that is the title by which it was recommended for general cultivation by the Illinois State Horticultural Society last winter. But why not make it Iowa, which is a short and beautiful name, and drum out of the ranks of reliable nurserymen such men as resort to the despicable practice which we disclose in the following paragraph?

In the garden of a wealthy citizen we were invited to "look at the strawberries." The gardener, who is a most excellent plantsman, remarked that he had the "Cremont," the Omer Pasha, Ohio Mammoth, and Mammoth Prolific varieties. A gentleman present, who had grown the "Cremont," pronounced it true to name. But a careful examination and comparison of the three last named varieties discovered the fact that they were all identical with each other,—Omer Pasha being no more of a Turk than the Buckeye berry! The gardener was astonished at the discovery. He said a nurseryman just outside the city limits had sold him the plants under the three different names—recommending the three varieties highly at the same time. This was—not a Yankee but a *French* trick, which deserves, as it receives, barnaway, the severest condemnation.

And it is proper to ask several other nurserymen who have the Mammoth Prolific, which they are distributing over the country, to tell the public the difference between it and the Early Washington or Iowa.

It will be our duty to publish a list of such dealers in fruits unless there is speedy reform. They are a disgrace to their profession, as well as an evil in community.

A CHERRY ORCHARD.

June 21st we, for the first time, visited the cherry orchard owned by James Wakeman, at Cottage Hill, Du Page Co., Ill.—a half hour's ride from Chicago, by rail. This orchard has been somewhat noted for its productiveness and consequent profit, in contradistinction to other attempts to grow this fruit on our prairie soil. It has been claimed by some western writers that the *cause* of this exceptional productiveness was to be found in the protection given the orchard, the peculiar geological formation of the locality, and the mechanical and chemical adaptability of the soil. Wakeman claims, on the contrary, that his success is due to the hardiness and productiveness of the *variety* upon which he depends for a crop, and upon the culture given it—that *anybody* can grow the Early Richmond Cherry *anywhere* on the prairies—that his soil is by no means better adapted to cherry culture than his neighbors—that were he going to select a soil peculiarly suited to cherry production, he would go far away from home—that *planting the trees* is the first and most important step, and *taking care of them* the second and only necessary additional step to secure with each successive season an abundance of excellent fruit and tenfold return for the expense and labor of planting and culture.

It was to look after the truth that we visited Cottage Hill. The reader shall have our impressions and the facts gained.

Mr. Wakeman's fruit farm—for it is a fruit farm—is on a somewhat elevated undulating prairie, which is frequently broken by sloughs, which are drained into the Des Plaines river, a few miles east. One of these sloughs enters Mr. W.'s farm at its north-west corner, runs south-east until it reaches about the center of the farm, then nearly—a little north of—east, affording excellent outlet for either surface or underdrainage. The reader will find no difficulty in comprehending the physical peculiarities of this farm, or of that part of it on which the orchard stands—it inclining to, and being drained by, this slough. On the west and south-west of the slough are the cherry and pear orchards. South-west of them, on the summit of the prairie, is a small locust grove. It will be seen then, that the cherry orchard has a northern and eastern exposure, with the protection of a grove on the south-west, and a trifling protection from a row of poplars on the west. On the east of the cherry orchard, is an apple orchard covering nearly fifty acres, densely planted. Thus it will be seen that the cherries are protected on the east, south, and west. Hence, if timber protection is any advantage, it has it. The surface soil is a light prairie mold, containing some lime, yet humus enough to make it look black. It not only absorbs water but *holds* it until it evaporates or is drained off by careful surface drainage. It is aided in holding it by an extremely stiff, tenacious, yellowish clay, which underlies the entire farm—a deep bed. This soil, therefore, is not naturally underdrained, as has been asserted; neither is its natural inclination toward the slough effectual to procure its thorough surface drainage without the cultivator ridges or back-furrows his ground, leaving deep dead furrows at frequent intervals. Only a portion of the ground occupied by the cherry orchard has been surface drained—none of it underdrained. Those trees on the undrained portion are quite as thrifty, handsome, large in proportion to their age, and as full of fruit as are any in the orchard, and the land on which there has been no surface drainage is the lowest, wettest, and the most nearly level of any portion of the orchard, and, when we passed over, it was baked so hard that it had cracked open, as the stiff, undrained clay soils of the east crack during a severe drouth. It is also true that this portion of the orchard is the least protected from the west and south-west winds, and is fully exposed to the sweeping north and north-west winds.

"Why have you not surface drained this?" we asked.

"Because this ground has been covered with nursery trees. I shall back furrow toward the trees hereafter. But I cannot give you any good reason why these trees grow here and will not grow anywhere on the prairies. This tree, (the Early Richmond,) is the hardiest fruit tree I know of,—indeed, I do not know of any hardier among the forest trees. Shall I tell you how I planted them five years ago this spring?"

"Yes, if you please."

"Well, sir, it was getting rather late, and we had a great deal to do, and too little help, and these trees *must* be planted. I went through the orchard and stock stakes where I wanted the rows; a man and team followed with a plow, going one 'bout in the same furrow; he was followed by a man with the trees, who set them in the furrows, kicked a little dirt over them, and another team turned a back furrow up against them, the trees being laid leaning so that the team could pass them. A man followed and straightened them up. It was done in double quick time, I assure you, and I called it "shiftless" then, but with good culture, you can see what those trees have become. The crop on them this year will pay for the land they occupy at a high valuation, and for all the labor and care expended upon them. They did it last year, and if I never get another cherry from them, I should be satisfied with the experiment and the profits of the investment, and plant more. There are 160 of them on an acre, and they will average at least two bushels of cherries each; I have already been offered $4.50 per bushel for them; last year I got $5 per bushel. You can see what people are crying about when they assert they cannot raise fruit in this country."

That is the way Mr. Wakeman rattled off his cherry talk as we walked through his thousand trees of all ages, all burthened with fruit, whether one year transplanted, or five.

"But," said he, "take from me the Early Richmond, and I have nothing to say of the profits of cherry culture. Other varieties seem to thrive here, but do not produce."

From what we saw, we are inclined to believe that other varieties will produce when they shall have acquired sufficient maturity. These varieties, which make wood so rapidly in their early history, will not produce fruit in appreciable quantities until they have reached a certain size, or an age of puberty. Those who cultivate the Sweet Cherries, must, in most cases, lay in a store stock of patience.

That the productiveness of the Early Richmond does not depend on drainage, we have already seen; that protection is unnecessary, we saw abundantly established in the case of the cherry orchard of John R. Case, Esq., two miles distant from Mr. Wakeman's, where we found seven hundred trees planted on ground with a southern and eastern exposure, with no protection whatever from the south-west. The land was not drained, but the trees were quite equal to any we saw at Mr. Wakeman's in healthfulness, vigor of growth, and symmetrical beauty. And what is of quite as much importance, the crop on them was, we think, heavier than on Mr. W.'s trees.

A ride of ten or fifteen miles, subsequently, enabled us to see this fruit in bearing in all sorts of situations, with all sorts of exposures, soils, &c. It is, without doubt, the early market cherry for Northern Illinois; and, we learn, thrives in Central and Southern Illinois, where it has been planted.

The only essential, perhaps, is good culture; a clean, well stirred soil will insure large crops of good quality; and the figures given above prove that it pays quite as well to cultivate cherries exclusively as corn, and a *little* better.

The crop is late this season—at least ten days later than last year. Few ripe ones—none, indeed, fully ripe—could be found on the trees the day of our visit. They were beginning to color considerably.

A TELL-TALE TREE.

It is too late, perhaps, to tell the Rural reader that it does not pay to let fruit trees take care of themselves, or that it does pay to tickle them with a hoe. But we noticed an illustration of the doctrine which we wish to record.

Very close to the carriage road leading from Mr. Wakeman's house to his barn, stood an Early Richmond Cherry tree—at the end of a row of trees. One half of this tree hung over and shaded the road. This half was dwarfed,—full of small, green fruit. It was not more than two-thirds the size of the other half of the tree, which had been cultivated by frequent plowing, and otherwise stirring the soil underneath it. The cherries on the cultivated half were double the size of the others, and ripening rapidly. Mr. W. said many of his visitors, when asked to account for the difference, supposed there were two varieties of fruit, with different habits of growth, on the same tree. It is wise to treasure up such lessons.

WAKEMAN vs TERRA-CULTURE.

"While one philosopher affirms
That by our senses we're deceived,
Another, in the plainest terms,
Declares they are to be believed.
The twain are right. Philosophy
Correctly calls us dupes when e'er
Upon mere senses we rely;
But when we wisely rectify
The raw report of eye or ear,
By distance, medium, circumstance,
In real knowledge we advance."

It is apparent there is no "harmonial affinity" between Wakeman and Professor Comstock. At least it *will* be apparent when we shall have written what we know of the former's mode of tree planting. Mr. Wakeman does not confine his effort to cherry culture alone. He believes there is no better fruit country in the world than this prairie country, all croakers to the contrary notwithstanding. He believes in apples and pears, also plums. He plants, cultivates, grows, and *harvests* all these kinds of fruit. But he believes also that different kinds of soil require different kinds of treatment,—that the stiff clay, and the light, porous prairie soil are unlike in their constituents, and necessarily involve dissimilar processes to produce the same effect.

In the planting of a tree, he says if there should be two to three inches of stiff, compact soil packed over the roots, there should be *more* of the light, loose soil,—the weight of soil should be made equal as nearly as possible, regardless of bulk. Acting upon this theory, he plants his trees deep in the first place, and then plows to them, back furrows, each year—the dead furrows between the rows growing deeper, and the quantity of soil over the roots greater at each plowing. He has eighty acres planted in apples, the trees being four and five years old. When he plants an apple tree, he plants it so deep that it does not require a stake to hold it up. His trees all have low, compact heads. He never thins the inside branches. His pruning,—and he says he does little,—is to cut back the top limbs, and shorten-in the sides. In this windy country he finds the most fruit at harvest on the inside branches of the densest trees. There is no want of sun or air. The greatest difficulty is there is too much of it. The limbs of most of the ten thousand orchard trees we saw growing, start within eighteen inches of the ground. We did not see an unhealthy tree. And it should be remembered that the roots of most of these trees are from *two to three feet below the surface of the ground!*—away (Mr. Wakeman says,) from the influence of frost, wind, and drouth, yet completely surface drained, and with a kind of soil—light, loose and cultivated—that admits air and heat.

"What do you think Prof. Comstock would say to that?" we asked Mr. W.

"Why, sir, he *has* been here—was here some three years ago, and told me I had not got a healthy tree on the place—that I did not know anything about the culture, and that in less than three years every one of those trees would be dead. He did not tell me who he was, but I asked him what was the trouble with the trees—to point out the indications of unhealthfulness. The Professor told me that any fool could see they were doomed by their complexion—their *complexion* was bad. I told him he did not know what he was talking about, whereupon he flew into a passion, and we had a pretty warm time. I thought my trees were the perfection of health—were as thrifty as I could desire, and I could not believe I could be so mistaken in my knowledge of a healthful tree. After he was gone I learned at the depot that his name was Comstock!—that he was all over the country examining trees, &c., &c. Well, sir, I knew then, from the fact that he made me get a spade and dig down in one of the ridges to find the new roots which he said the trees were making near the surface, and which we did not find, that he was "Terraculturist Comstock." Last fall I was absent from home one day, and my boy said the same man called then, and he went with him to look at the same trees which two or three years ago he had predicted would die. They were loaded with fruit, and every way prosperous. The boy said the gentleman said he was astonished to find those trees alive—much more to find them bearing fruit."

Such is Mr. Wakeman's account of the visit he received from the persevering "Professor." From the description given of his personal appearance, there is little doubt that it was the veritable "Professor."

There are some things gained by this mode of planting and after-treatment. The tree, be it remembered, is *not* set deep in a *hole* in the first place, but the roots are *covered deep*—so deep that the tree will stand alone. Then the after-culture adds to the loose soil in which the roots may grow, and insures after each succeeding plowing a more perfect drainage—giving the roots and the tree all the advantages of deep culture and thorough drainage. This course has been adopted because the expense is less than by any other system of drainage and deep culture. It is common, even in the best *staked* orchards, to find the trees more or less—and in most instances *more*—inclined to the North-East, in consequence of the strong and prevailing South-West winds of the prairies. But there is not a tree in this orchard—that we noticed—so inclined as to expose the bark to the burning rays of the sun. Indeed, we did not see a single tree on which the bark seemed disease or in the least affected by sun scald.

There are many of the old Eastern orchards—especially those exposed to the winds on the lake shore—in which we have seen trees destroyed by the sun after having been trimmed up until it was necessary to get a ladder to reach the first limb, in order that they might be plowed up to—that horses might travel under them, &c., &c. And the fact that so many Eastern men, when planting orchards in the West, select whip-stocks or bean-poles for planting, instead of trees, and then pursue the same old regime of "trimming up," leads the writer to believe that the old practice is still in vogue there, and that the giving this subject a little thought, and the old orchards a little examination, will enable them to perceive that the chief value of orchard trees does not consist in the facility with which one may plow about them—that said value is not proportionate to the number of feet the first limbs are from the ground.

Let "the raw report of eye or ear, by distance, medium, circumstance," be rectified. Let common sense help and reason aid us in arriving at the truth, even though old axioms are proved to be no axioms at all. New laws follow a change in the civil and political character of a people. Why may not the laws of culture change with each change of climate and soil? They *do* change, and the world is fast finding the fact out.

A HINT TO GARDENERS.

Eds. Rural New Yorker:—In reports of Fruit Grower's Conventions and descriptions of fruits, it is often said a certain variety is "good for market." This means, that it is productive, hardy and looks well, I suppose, though not of first quality. Now, we never hear that certain flowers are good for market, from the simple fact that here there is very little market for flowers, but the growers of flowers around Paris, and many other of the large cities of Europe, could use this expression with propriety. There flowers have a market value, bring the cash as readily as fruit or grain, and many varieties are found profitable for market culture on account of their profuse bloom, hardiness and the little labor their culture requires, though they may not be as beautiful as the camellia, or many other choice flowers.

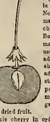
We grow flowers for the pleasure they afford, and this pleasure is supplied by single fine specimens which we may gather and carry in the hand or the button-hole, or allow to remain on the parent plant; by the beautifying of our tables and rooms with well arranged bouquets; and by the adornment of our gardens. Perhaps we derive more pleasure from the last than from the other sources. A garden brilliant with gay flowers from May until November, in which we can walk and meditate in early morn and dewy eve, and repose under the shady trees at bright noon, is truly a "joy for ever." But, the beauty of the garden depends not upon choice specimens, but upon a good arrangement and constant bloom; hence flowers that are not particularly beautiful in themselves, become so when grown in masses in appropriate places in the garden.

The Petunia is nothing as a single flower, yet it makes a brilliant bed. But these reflections were induced by a bed of *Carnation Poppies*, an improvement on the Corn Poppy of Europe, which has really afforded me more pleasure this season than any other bed of flowers in my garden. The seed was sown in the Autumn, but may be sown early in the Spring, and from the latter part of May until the present time, I have had a shower of gay flowers—scarlet, crimson, white, red and variegated. I would not lose it now for any sum, for it will continue bright until frost, and is so hardy that hundreds of plants will come up next Spring from the seeds that will drop. It is a cheap flower, but deserving a place in every garden.

Did you know, Mr. Editor, that the *Datura Wrightii* is hardy here—that the roots will live through the Winter, and in the Spring send up a cluster of shoots that will flower beautifully. How long it will continue in this way I cannot say, as this is the first season I have noticed the fact. It is classed in all seed catalogues, I believe, as an annual.

Old Gardener.

EARLY RICHMOND CHERRY.



The Richmond Cherry spoken of in our Western Correspondence, is the true *Kentish*, though generally known in this country by the former name. It is also called Virginia May, and is known by many other names in England and Florence. It is extremely hardy, is particularly adapted to the West, and valuable anywhere for cooking, preserving, and drying. It is grown in large quantities in New Jersey, for the New York market. The engraving of this cherry we take from Elliott's Fruit Book, showing the corolla remaining on the stalk, as it is usually found. The stone also adheres to the stalk with remarkable tenacity, and this is taken advantage of to draw out the stones for drying. For this purpose the Kentish or Early Richmond is doubtless the best variety grown, and it is not excelled by any dried fruit.

This cherry in ordinary seasons begins to color before the first of June, and from that time is useful for tarts; but as it hangs upon the tree it grows larger and loses its acidity, until the last of June or early in July, when it is a very agreeable dessert fruit, and is relished by many in preference to the sweet varieties. The tree grows from fifteen to twenty feet in height, with a round, spreading head, is exceedingly productive, and bears early. It is an excellent family and market cherry.

Horticultural Notes.

Fruit Prospects in Wayne County.—*Apples*.—The crop last year was very large, and we could not therefore expect a very abundant supply this year. The trees, however, blossomed pretty full; but those on the highest hills and in exposed situations had their blossoms and sets injured to a considerable extent by a violent wind, and many of the sets have since fallen. Under these circumstances we do not expect more than half the usual crop.

Pears.—The trees look healthy, but there will not be as many bushels of fruit as usual this year.

Peaches.—There will be but a small crop of Peaches. One severe night in winter killed most of the buds, and only the hardy varieties, such as *Hill's Chili*, and those in protected situations, will have Peaches. There will, however, be enough, we hope, for a taste, which is vastly better than no Peaches at all.

Plums look well where they are not injured by the "little Turk."

Apricots are a failure, generally.

Cherry trees were injured by the cold nights, and some of the more tender trees are dying; but as a general thing they look finely, and some varieties are well fruited. But we cannot expect more than one fourth of a crop, and the birds have stolen most of those which have ripened up to this time.

Lawton Blackberries have blossomed very full, and promise a plentiful crop where they have received even ordinary attention.

Currants and *Gooseberries* set full, but the foliage has been, in many gardens, eaten off by a worm.

Quinces look better than for many previous years.

Raspberries.—The more tender kinds were injured by the winter; but the *Doolittle, White American, Black Cap* and *Red Cap* are loaded very heavily with fruit; the *Doolittle*, especially, yielding an abundance never before seen in this vicinity.

Grapes.—The *Isabella*, and some other tender vines which were not laid down, were injured by the cold nights; but where they were laid down, they promise an abundant crop. The more hardy vines, such as the *Diana, Delaware, Union Village, Clinton, Oporto*, &c., are full of fruit, whether laid down or not.—S. in *Lyons Rep.*

Large Vegetable Garden.—Charles Backus, a Long Island farmer, has under cultivation eight large farms devoted to raising vegetables for New York market. During the past year he has raised forty acres of potatoes, fifteen to twenty acres of parsnips, carrots and beets, fifty of corn, eighty acres of cabbages. One hundred acres are devoted to asparagus, and forty to currants. Three and a half acres are under glass, for raising early salad, radishes, cucumbers, etc. From three hundred to three hundred and fifty laborers are employed in the summer season, and twelve large wagon loads of produce are every day sent to the city. His business in a single year amounts to $100,000. Only thirteen years ago two wagon loads per week were the whole amount of produce raised by Mr. B., who has every year since extended his operations, until they now probably exceed those of any market gardener in the Union.

A Japan Dwarf Fir.—Mr. Fortune, in a recent letter from Japan, speaks of an extraordinary specimen of a dwarfed Fir Tree. Its lower branches were trained horizontally some twenty feet in length; all the leaves and branches were tied down and clipped, so that the whole was as flat as a board. The upper branches were trained to form circles one above another like so many little tables, and the whole plant had a most curious appearance. A man was at work upon it at the time, and I believe it keeps him constantly employed from day to day throughout the year.

Horticultural Exhibition at Corning.—A fine Horticultural Exhibition was held last week in the village of Corning, of which we find a full account in the Journal of the 4th inst. Flowers, fruits, and vegetables, were shown in great abundance and in the highest perfection. The Committee on Wine made a very interesting report, and premiums were awarded for grape, currant, blackberry, elderberry, raspberry, cherry and strawberry wines.

New Hand Glass.—We have been shown an invention of Mr O. S. Cadwell, jr., of this city, designed for the early starting and protection of vegetables in the spring. It is simply an earthenware, hollow cylinder, of about ten inches in diameter and eight inches in height, with a sloping top, to which is fitted a pane of glass. Holes are provided for ventilation. It can be furnished cheaply, and seems in many ways preferable to the hand glass now in use.—*Homestead.*

Fruits Received.—From Joseph Dewey, Gates, N. Y., a fine dish of strawberries. On examination we found two varieties, Cushing, and the other we could not name with confidence.

Inquiries and Answers.

Strawberry Runners.—Please inform me through your paper at what time strawberry runners should be cut.—Jules, *Wellington, Ohio.*

The object of cutting off the runners is to give the fruit and original plant all the nutriment furnished by the roots. They should be cut away as fast as they form.

Peach upon the Wild Plum.—During the past year I observed several statements from what seemed to be reliable sources, stating that the peach budded upon the wild plum stock is much more hardy and long lived than when propagated upon its native stock. In accordance with this information, I ordered through a friend, residing in Illinois, in a region where the wild plum abounds, a quantity of pits, which I intend to plant this spring. Now, if some of your correspondents who have had *actual experience* in cultivating the peach in this manner will state their success, they will confer a favor. The well matured experiments of those who have given this method of propagation a fair trial, should be known to all interested in improving and making more hardy this delicious, but rather uncertain fruit.—D. B., *Lakeville, N. Y.*, 1861.

Domestic Economy.

TO DESTROY MOTHS IN CARPETS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—This is a subject which claims the attention of people generally, and to which I have given no little time, studying the instinctive habits of the moth, and a practical remedy for destroying them. Having written an article on the subject of the moth for the *Reveille*, in which I gave a certain remedy, and seeing in your paper of June 22d, the question how to destroy these pernicious little animals in carpets, I will quote therefrom: "During the month of March, and sometimes as late as April, we find them, in the chrysalis state, *under the edge* of ingrain carpets—in Brussels and Tapestry carpets we find them close to the foundation under the worsted. The reason of their being found under the edge of ingrain carpeting is, that they are all wool, in which the moth finds its element. Brussels and Tapestry carpets have a linen or hemp foundation, hence the cause of their being found above the linen. From this chrysalis state they change to a miller, or moth with wings. This moth varies in color in accordance with the color of the carpet which they have eaten, and are from a light color to a dark drab. You can see them flying about usually in the fore part of the day, looking for places to deposit their eggs, after which the female dies. The egg hatches in a few days, and a worm grows, from a quarter to half an inch long. As soon as sufficiently supplied, it will spin its cocoon and pass into the chrysalis state, then requiring no more food until a moth again.

While in the worm state, sprinkle salt (common Syracuse salt,) over your carpet and sweep thoroughly. This will kill them, and the salt will not injure the carpet, rather brightening than dimming the colors.

Instinct leads them to places where they will not be disturbed—under sofas, divans, tables, libraries, and like places.

The Plan for Destroying them in either state.—Camphor, two ounces, well cut, to a quart of whisky,—a hot flat iron to pass over a piece of muslin wet with this solution and thin enough to allow the steam produced by the hot iron to penetrate through the carpet. Carpets that are taken up entirely, spring and fall, are more free from the work of this insect, but this remedy is practical in all cases—perhaps more particularly where a velvet tapestry carpet is put down by patent machine, and is so heavy as cannot be easily taken up. This hot flat iron should be applied wherever there is evidence of the worm eating."

These facts have been accurately ascertained by my own practical observations, and I give them through the Rural as was requested by E. C. I.

Milton O. Almy.

Farmer, Seneca Co., N. Y., June 26, 1861.

QUICK DRYING PAINT.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In my Rural of May May 25th, came an inquiry for a "quick drying paint for kitchen floors," to which I have seen no reply. Please insert the following which I know to be good, and oblige many:

Drying in Paint.—There is a liquid called Japan, which is used for drying in paints,—can be purchased for $1.00 or $1.25 per gallon. Two teaspoons of *good* Japan is sufficient for a pint of paint. Use in proportion to your amount of paint. My motto is pay well for a good article,—there are inferior kinds of Japan,—get the best. This should not be used in white paints; for, being a dark liquid, it would injure its pureness; but for all paints that are colored it is superb. The inquirer may paint her floor after tea and it will be perfectly dry by breakfast time, if she have a good article of Japan for the dryer. I have used this myself, and am therefore able to recommend it as good. Any lady may paint a modern sized kitchen after tea, herself. I do painting of this kind, first, because I like it; second, because it is economy. I do not understand mixing paint, but my information in regard to the dryer I have obtained from an experienced painter.

Canoga, Sen. Co., N. Y., 1861. Carrie.

LEMON PIES, COLORING YELLOW.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I send you recipes for lemon pies and for coloring a bright yellow:

Lemon Pies.—One large lemon, or two small ones; three pints of water; three cups sugar; three eggs; three tablespoonfuls flour; one-half nutmeg; one-half cup good vinegar. Grate the lemon, beat the eggs and sugar together, then mix the ingredients, and it is ready for the platters. Cover with a thin crust.

Noticing in a late Rural a recipe for coloring yellow, I think that I can give a better one. Take hickory bark, boil it about six hours, or until the strength is all out. Then to a pailful of the dye, add a large spoonful of alum.

Will some of the lady readers of the good Rural give a recipe for coloring cotton red.

Rock Island Co., Ill., 1861. Nettie Taylor.

Cucumber Toast.—Select your cucumbers—fresh, crisp, medium size—just such as you would prefer if served up in the usual manner. Pare, and slice up lengthwise in cuts a quarter of an inch thick. Rinse in cold water, dip each slice singly in flour, and hurry them into the dripping-pan, using for material to fry them in, the gravy in which either beefsteak, veal cutlets or mutton chops were cooked; or butter may be used; but be sure to fry briskly until the slices are a light brown on both sides. Have your bread toasted, buttered, or dipped, as you prefer, and close at hand. Slip the slices of cucumber hot from the pan between slices of toast, and serve at once. Any one following these directions implicitly will find cucumber toast really good to eat.—*Am. Farmer.*

To Drive Away Musketoes.—Camphor is the most powerful agent. A camp or bag hung up in an open casement will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirit applied as perfume to the face and hands will act as an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

To Make Cider Wine.—Seeing an inquiry for making cider wine, I send my recipe. Let your cider ferment; then heat it till it boils. Skim it, and add to each gallon of cider one pound of sugar, and one pint of whisky. To give it a high color, boil in the cider a small bag of dried black raspberries.

Mouldy Lard.—Please say to "A Young Housewife" her lard molded because it was not sufficiently cooked. Heating and straining will arrest its progress.—A Farmer's Wife, *Manchester, N. Y.*, 1861.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ALICE—A FRAGMENT.

BY MARGARET ELLIOTT.

A SAD, sweet face upturned to mine,
Haloed with locks of gold,
Whose glory waxeth brighter still
The longer I behold.

Eyes of a tender, misty blue,
Still gazing into mine,
Through whose clear depths I see her soul
Look from its earthly shrine.

But with an earnest, wistful look,
As if forgetting earth,
Her thoughts were centered on the land
Which gave her spirit birth.

Gainesville, N. Y., 1861.

HEART DEATHS.

HEARTS oft die bitter deaths before
The breath is breathed away,
And number weary twilights o'er
Ere the last evening gray.

I've sometimes looked on closed eyes
And folded hands of snow,
And said, "It was no sacrifice,
The heart went long ago."

Oh, blest were we, if every pang,
Like harsheal discord given,
Proved a celestial bird, which sang
And lured us up to Heaven!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUT IN THE WOODS.

WONDER if all country girls enjoy the woods as richly as I. Do they, in sweet Spring time, fair Summer, or glorious Autumn, stray into the pleasant open woods near by, in quest of an hour or two's companionship with its interesting inhabitants; gayly climbing the miniature bluffs, anon surmounting and alighting from an old brown weather-beaten log, which may have been a vigorous sapling that your great great grandmother's eyes gazed upon two hundred years ago; now crossing the creek in the vale below as it hasteth on with glad music to tell the peasant lake, but a few miles distant, "of the concert it gave upon the side" of the bluff; now watching the evolutions of the numerous feathered songsters, whose jubilant songs repel all dreariness or loneliness, awaking in us a vivid consciousness of life in the quiet of the woods; now pursuing the lively, frolicksome rabbit that has popped out from its burrow to enjoy the clear sunshine, its timidity and harmlessness so touching your humanity as to prevent a spirited chase on your part, till suddenly it sinks into the ground and out of sight; now enjoying a glimpse at squirreldom, that most interesting species of the rodentia, beavers excepted:

"What a springing,
Running, leaping,
Up and down, from tree to tree."

We were pleasantly reminded of nutting-time, when we spied those bright eyes in the branches o'er our heads, fixed jealously upon us a moment, then the playful little animals sliding down the great trunk right into our faces, winked gayly, and were off out of reach in a moment. A picture of by-gones is vivid in your mind, as you near that mound of moss of the clearest, loveliest, intensest green, seated upon which, in rambles past, with a genial companion, you pleasantly beguiled the time in cheerful conversation. Lovely, romantic retreat. The wide-spreading branches of the giant trees bend caressingly over you; and as you gaze up into the blue ether that overarches all, a holy quiet reigns. You feel impressed with the sublimity of the scene, and gaze with intense admiration; that azure dome never looking more brilliant or serenely beautiful by day, than when seen through the opening foliage. Snatches of gay songs from the tree steps suddenly interrupt your meditations of the ethereal; you look around; vigorous Beech, Birch, and Maple, shoot up here and there, proud as young palms, while the meek-eyed Violet reposes at your feet; Solomon's Seals, nodding, seem to acknowledge your presence; the pretty Orchis plant lends her rich bloom and gentle grace to the scene, while Jack in Pulpit, in his native dignity, greets you from all sides. Let me oft retire to this favored spot, and drinking in the inspiration of the scene, be carried up above the petty concerns of this selfish life.

Not the least attractive portion of wood scenery are the flowers,—those creations embodying so much which is beautiful in nature. Such wondrous architecture,—such brilliant design, adapted to please the eye, refine the taste and lead the mind to the great Architect,—they justly claim a large share of our attention. The extensive woodland near by is rich with flowers of all forms and colors,—the white, the purple, the pink, and the blue. I rejoice in meeting a new acquaintance among them, and invariably improve the earliest opportunity of analyzing and classifying the stranger, ever delighting in the acquisition of plant-acquaintance. Thus every visit made in this agreeable research is amply repaid in my mind. I well recollect the odd-looking, nodding flowers, borne on a scape six inches high, that met my anxious gaze in this favored seclusion about two years since. I had often observed the pretty plant, had admired its smoothness and finely cut leaves, but of its singular inflorescence I had not the faintest idea. It utterly eclipsed in oddity all the flowers I had yet seen. I immediately referred to my trusty companion, the Botany, which gave it the very significant name of Dutchman's Breeches. I am now in pursuit of the Dutchman's Pipe, not however, because I have any predilection for this particular solace of so many of the human race, except it appear in the vegetable kingdom, and there principally for its oddity. Here allow me to publicly express a wish. May his lordship and all young America's, who delight in the venerable namesake of this curious little plant, the Dutchman's Pipe, soon experience a millenium in the utter laying aside, as abominable and detestable, that most ruinous practice, of indulging, in any way whatever, the use of the nauseous, poisonous weed—tobacco. Happily the tobacco plant is not an inhabitant of woods, the domain of nature I much love and admire. Were I deprived of their companionship,—were I in a country were the woodman's axe had told the fearful story of annihilation,—I would pine for the dear old woods, which have been mine to enjoy from childhood.

Erie Co., Pa., 1861. LIZZIE LICHEN.

* * *

MANY who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others, respecting facts, characters, and opinions.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ANOTHER VIEW.

OF the many things I find to *dislike* in the little word-picture of "Matrimony," in your issue of June 15th, I find *one* to like. The one pleasing feature is the *cross* sign ("X") at its close, so appropriate, so suggestive. I am quite sure the author of that sketch must be either an unhappy wife, or a loveless and unlovable "old maid." But there *is* another side to the picture quite as truthful as the one given. There *are* "*humans*" who have *hearts* even after they are married,—*women* who love to please their *husbands* (as well as, aforetime, their lovers) by "neatness of dress," "sweetness of temper," and the thousand little attentions and kindnesses which serve to strengthen the golden chain of affection, binding heart to heart indissolubly. And there are *men*, too, who have not forfeited their rightful claim to that ennobling title by any display of selfishness, and a disposition to sway an iron sceptre where only love *should rule*.

Very unwilling am I that the uninitiated should believe married life so *unmitigatedly bad* as "X" would make it appear. While there may be exceptional cases, from which the sad picture was drawn, I cannot believe it to be generally true. Observation and experience have led me to a different conclusion. Here is my advice to you, young men and women. Be in no haste to marry, and observe much. When you find one who, in the most trivial matters of life, is truthful; who is kind and affectionate to all, and ever considerate and forbearing (to others, as well as yourself); who is industrious and *economical*, so you may never fear of finding yourself some day a homeless wanderer; when you meet with one in whom your soul finds ever some new delight, whose tastes and opinions coincide with (yet are not borrowed from) yours,—then never fear that life, with such an one, will be a wretched existence. Cares may come, so will they to the unmarried, and *two*, *united*, can *battle to conquer* them better than *one*. Mutual *concessions*, mutual *forbearance* and *affection*, will insure you a "prize" even in that "lottery,"—Marriage.

Livonia, N. Y., 1861. M—LV.

BABY CULTURE.

A MOTHER who has evidently acquired experience in this most important science, writes as follows, from New Haven, to the *American Agriculturist*:

"How are most babies treated? Are they not smothered with blankets, kept in close rooms, and cool, fresh air avoided as if it were a pestilence? Do they not worry and cry for this very want, and then doesn't nurse come to helpless mamma and insist that the little creature is hungry, though nursed but a short time before? Then, hungry or not, its cries are stilled with food it does not need, bona fide pain comes, diseases often follow in dire succession, and mother and nurse are well worn out before many days with such a worrying child. Who would not worry under such treatment? Babies appreciate oxygen thoroughly, and there would not be so many 'terrible infants' were there more of it in sleeping and living apartments.

"Well, to be practical, and 'give my experience,' which consists, at this present time, of as healthy specimens of boys and girls as ever made parents' hearts brim full of thankfulness. I have pursued with them from their birth undeviating regularity in sleep, food, and out-door life, nothing but downright rain preventing the latter. Mothers tell me, 'Oh, it's a very good way, if you can only carry it out, but—I can't.' Well, if children are not worth self denial; if they are not better than calls, or company, or visiting, then they must go to the servants; but to those mothers' warm hearts which make light of all fatigue and care for the sake of the baby, who accept the sweet task committed to their hands by a Heavenly Father, how much better to have the key of sunny faces and joyous rippling laughter, than wry faces and shrieks 'that make night hideous.' If a child is born healthy, all it needs to thrive, is the carrying out of simple, natural laws. For the first two weeks, every two hours is often enough for nursing; it will then be regularly hungry and as regularly satisfied; if it cries, you will know it is not hungry; and its stomach will never be over-loaded.

"Let it sleep in a crib by your side, never with you; then the sleep is longer, sweeter, and more refreshing. Never wake a child—no, not to show it to the Queen of England. Wrap it well, all but the face, and take it daily into the purest air you can find. Let its baths be not decidedly cold water, and before nursing, and then another nice nap will follow. As it grows a few months older, keep it out of doors half the time, and in summer its best naps will be under the broad roof of heaven; if you want to see the little one's cheeks take on the rose, let it feel the splendid tonic in a sharp nor'-wester, and it will smile at the snow flakes as they softly melt on its velvet cheeks, and grow dolly so strong, and fat, and happy, that the little life will be one continual hymn of praise to God for its own existence.

"The observance of regular hours for the morning and afternoon nap, and laying the child in its crib, wide awake, when the time comes, is of the greatest importance. It all turns on commencing right, and then there's no trouble. How infinitely better to lay a laughing, playful creature, with a good-night kiss, to sleep its long healthful sleep, than the common rocking and hushing so often repeated, and often in vain—or the watching by the bedside, or the leaving a light to go to sleep by. Never reward a child for crying, by giving the articles desired; wait till it stops. Teach it to amuse itself often, and not require some one to be constantly shaking a rattle, or tapping a window, but lay it on a bed or floor, with a plaything—a slipper is an unfailing amusement when all other objects fail. Lastly, always endeavor to have a serene, pleasant face when you nurse your child; chameleon like, it is taking hues to its soul, that color and shape it for life and eternity."

* * *

"I ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT I HAVE BOYS AWAY FROM HOME!"—Such was the remark we overheard the other night from the lips of an aged mother, who addressed a female friend of hers. It had reference to comments that had been upon the conduct of a young man who was "away from home." We did not see the face of the speaker, but we will wager our existence that a great woman's heart beats under her bodice. She always remembered that she had boys away from home. There is a world of tenderness and forbearance in this matronly language. It would be well in this age of virulent gossip, if all mothers would acknowledge the potency of the simple social law which this mother had written upon her heart. Her boys were "away from home," and subject to the temptations of those upon whom her neighbor had passed a merciless judgment. She would not so far violate her own instincts as a mother as to pass condemnatory sentence on the children of any other.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT.

BY A. G. HOLLOCK.

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Such, reader, dear, were well-described defects
In eyes of ancients, in the Hebrew line,
And, truth to tell, in spite of wondrous "specs,"
Same blemish yet remains in yours and mine
With more than microscopic power such beam
Will magnify the faults of others all,
Who, sailing with us on life's turbid stream,
Are bound to quaff the wormwood and the gall.
Hence charity demands that mantle broad
Should o'er their frailties oft be thrown with care,
More just allowing Wrong to pass unawed
Than causing Innocence with Guilt to share.

In social circles, neighborhoods, and towns,
In church and State, in nations great and small,
This sore disease with each and all abounds—
Prolific cause of woes that earth befall.
Traced to their source, the evils we endure,
Heart burnings, discord, anarchy, and war,
Spring from desire to show our own hearts pure,
And other's name with infamy to mar.

Prompted by envy, jealousy, and pride,
In brother's eye the mote proclaim to see,
Self righteously assume to be his guide,
From his reproof asserting we are free
Exemplified in panorama grand,
The truth of this is now within our view
In the dissensions which distract our land,
And in the fount whence they sprang and grew.

The over-zealous, in both North and South,
From other's eyes for casting motes will preach,
Without concern for beams of giant growth
That in their own obscure the sight of each.
Fiercely denounce the other's acts, as seen,
As being flagrant crime, beyond compare,
Shelter their own with hypocritic screen,
To make "outside of cup and platter" fair

Such pure pretence and philanthropic feint
For killing weeds in neighbors' fields to roam,
Would ape far more the virtues of a saint
Uprooting each the wickedness at home
Commence, then, with "Union" be enjoyed,
And each unruffled in our hearts remain,
Our earthly blessings never more alloyed
With this wild germ of bitter hate and pain.

Boros, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CULTIVATION OF SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

AFFECTION is one of the crowning attributes of our nature. To cherish feelings of sympathy toward another is both productive of a high degree of pleasure, and in accordance with the dictates of reason. He who formed the human soul not only designed that it should be the seat of strong social affections, but that their cultivation should conduce at once to enjoyment and to virtue.

The existence of the social affections is universal. They are not confined to persons of taste and refinement, but have a place in the breasts of the rude, the unlettered, and uncivilized. The dweller in the forest wigwam, and the inmate of the princely mansion, both feel their power. They may be cultivated, and on their judicious cultivation depends many of the fairest productions of the human heart. I envy not the man who has no sympathy with his fellow in his sorrows and in his joys,—who feels no flow of delight in his success,—who has no tear to shed over the grave or over the misfortunes of his friend. Nor do I envy the ascetic, who fancies himself out of the reach of the world's temptations. His recluse manner of life makes him a hater both of mankind and of himself. True retirement has its pleasures and its advantages, but absolute seclusion from the world is not only wrong in itself, but also precludes the attainment of happiness.

It is natural for man to love society,—to be united in interest and feeling with those to whom he can impart his joys and reveal his sorrows,—to long for some kindred spirit, animated with similar emotions, to whom he can make known the secrets of his heart,—one who can sympathize with him in his anxieties, and participate in his pleasures.

When a person witnesses scenes that awaken in him emotions of admiration or sublimity, how greatly is his pleasure enhanced if there are those to whom he can reveal his emotions. The traveler, as he looks upon the beauties of nature or the embellishments of art, feels additional happiness in discoursing of them to his friends. The lover of study, and admirer of eloquence and poetry, though he devote himself assiduously to the former, and witness the sublimest exhibitions of the latter, may have his mind and senses delighted, but is still unsatisfied until he has imparted to others a knowledge of his investigations, or descanted upon the noble efforts of the orator and the sublime productions of the poet.

The beautiful is doubly beautiful to eyes which see other eyes looking upon the same landscape—especially if the hearts that feel the light of those eyes are concordant and friendly. We are receiving creatures, and imparting creatures; we know nothing of property in thought—we never hoard—we give away. We are poor in mind when shut out from others. We are rich in mind and rejoice instinctively in its affluence, when thought meets thought, and they quarry and build together, or like gleeful harvesters bind joyfully the sheaves of life.

How tediously would pass the years of childhood were it not for the social affections! What is more irksome to a youthful mind than solitude,—to be without any with whom to share the amusements and activities of juvenile innocence? Associations judiciously formed in early life, aside from present advantages and enjoyment, give to the mind in its maturity a memory fragrant with the Good and the Pure. We live in the past. The associates of our childhood are the associates of our youth and of our manhood. *In thoughts from visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on us*, their images are before our eyes; in the silence, we hear their voices,—we engage again in our school-day sports,—again we see the eye sparkle with delight at reunion, and moisten with regret at separation.

There is connected with this subject a pleasing thought, which I cannot pass without naming. It is *the durability of those connections formed on religious principles*. The fashion of this world will pass away,—the grandeur of human actions will cease to be remembered,—the elements that compose this beautiful world will be dissolved; but the union of believers, formed in the present, and consummated in the future state, while in the highest degree tender and endearing, will exist as long as the Throne around which the redeemed shall cluster.

Rochester, N. Y., June, 1861. T. W. S.

GOING TO BED—PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW.

SOME fling off their garments as if they were the shirt of Nessus—wasn't that his name?—and were particularly anxious to get at it. Here whirls a vest in one corner—its contents jingle to the floor as it lies. There goes a boot *richochet*. The stockings are turned inside out; the hapless coat hangs by its skirt to a nail; and the bed is attained with a bound. Pillows tumbled this way and that; the feet are inserted between the sheets, and, like a shuttle through a loom, down goes the body; one arm flung under the head; lower jaw and eyelids droop together, and the man is asleep—asleep all over—asleep for all night.

Another goes *tetering* about on his toes. He puts his watch here, his coat there, and his vest *there*. His boots stand side by side, like a brace of grenadiers; the tips of his stockings peep out systematically at the top; and if it be winter, he lingers upon the bed's edge like one about to take a bath—dreading, yet desiring, and finally *steals* into bed by degrees, draws the quilt and the counterpane over his head, and is motionless—is gone—arrives in the land of Nod.

If one only thinks of it, sleep, in a great city, is a queer thing. Think of fifty thousand in this city all sleeping at once. Fifty thousand, in tiers, one, two, three, four, five deep, from cellar to garret. Fifty thousand in rows a mile long. Ten thousand in red nightcaps, tasseled and untasseled. Ten thousand in dingy ones that were white, Mondays and Mondays ago. Five thousand in silken ones. Some edged beautifully, some hemmed with a sail needle, and some uncapped altogether, with locks dishevelled and roffled like "quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Five thousand snoring alto—five thousand snoring bass. Twenty thousand under calico. A hundred or so beneath silk. Some weeping—some smiling in their dreams—others dreamless as the grave. Ringlets twisted up in cigar lighters—tresses streaming over the pillow—no tresses at all.

Even asleep, humanity preserves its peculiarities. Even in dreams, men are distinctive still.—*Chicago Journal.*

THE GLORY OF THE PINES.

MAGNIFICENT!—nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, and partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever, without awe, stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other—dumb forever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them—those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride; unnumbered, unconquerable.—*Ruskin.*

GREAT MEN BORN, NOT MADE.

GENERALLY speaking, the greatness or smallness of a man is determined for him at his birth, as strictly as it is determined for a fruit whether it shall be a currant or an apricot. Education, favorable circumstances, resolution, industry, can do much; in a certain sense they do everything; that is to say, they determine whether the apricot shall fall in the form of a green bead, blighted by the east wind, and shall be trodden under foot, or whether it shall expand in tender pride and sweet brightness of golden velvet. But apricot out of currant, great men out of small, did never yet art or effort make; and in a general way men have their excellence nearly fixed for them when they are born. A little cramped and frost-bitten on one side, a little sun-burnt and fortune-spotted on the other, they reach, between good and evil chances, such size and taste as generally belong to men of their calibre; and the small in their serviceable bunches, the great in their golden isolation, have these no cause for regret, nor those for disdain.—*Ruskin.*

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THE NEEDFUL COURAGE.—Whatever you be in rank, fortune, or abilities, be not a coward. Courage is the armor of the heart, and the safeguard of all that is good in this world. Not the valor that faces the cannon, or braves the perils of the wilderness and wave. That is a useful quality, and much to be respected, yet only after its kind, as a thing which a man may share with his dog. But courage to speak the truth, though it be out of favor and fashion; to stand by the right when it is not the winning side; to give the wrong its true name, no matter what other people think or say—that is the bravery most wanted in these days of much profession and little practice.

* * *

CONSCIENCE.—There is nothing in the whole frame of man which seems to be so unaccountable as that thing called conscience. Had the troublesome yelping our powers efficient to prevent a mischief, he might be of use; but at the beginning of the business, his feeble efforts are to the workings of passion as the infant frosts of an autumnal morning to the unclouded fervor of the rising sun; and no sooner are the tumultuous doings of the wicked deed over, than, amidst the bitter native consequences of folly, in the very vortex of our horrors, up starts conscience, and harrasses us with the feelings of the damned.—*Robert Burns.*

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THERE is a mutual relation existing between external circumstances and inward propensities; the latter would not be excited without the former, the former would be inoperative without the latter. Company, books, habitation, pursuits, must all leave their impress upon us; but reason, analogy, Christ, all teach us to look chiefly within for the character of the man. Out of the heart proceeds the life. If murder, adultry, &c., dwells there, whatever our external circumstances, we ripen into devils; and if faith, love and hope are within, whatever our paths, we mature into angels.—*Dr. Thompson.*

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GOOD HABITS.—There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SOUL-YEARNINGS.

O, TRAVAILING soul,
What mean these throbs and throes that rack thy frame?
What this iboo struggle but in vain to name,
Which leaves thee fruitless, writhing, e'er the same
In happy pain?

What seekest thou,
When, spell bound 'neath the rich soft canopy
Of fading blue, which shades the galaxy
Of golden stars, while zephyrs soothingly
And sweetly chime,—

And thou dost seem
To strive thyself to clothe with wings, and near
To Heaven, there bathe thy pinions in the clear
Ethereal waves which sparkle 'bove this sphere,
A sea of bliss?

And when the notes
Of song come gushing forth, and light ascend
In strains so sweetly wild, or soft descend,
Until the heart's most sensitive strings extend
With thrill of joy,—

O, GOD, it seems
Could perfect beauty greet my vision clear,
Could perfect symphonies strike on my ear,
My soul would melt, and, rising, disappear
In mists of praise!

O, may I be
At last permitted, sitting at Thy feet,
My spirit, with Thy glories, too replete,
And join the Heavenly harmonies that greet
Thee age and age

Rochester, N. Y., 1861. C. E. H.

REFUGE FROM STRIFE.

I HAVE all along been vastly too much disquieted by the misconstruction of those who did not comprehend me, and have suffered much, both from the fatigue of refuting and explaining the same thing an hundred times over, and from the vexation felt in finding that, in spite of every effort, there is a character assigned my views the very reverse of every principle by which I am actuated. But why should the opposition of men thus affect me? Does it not test my belief in the reality of an all-perfect mind that is now looking on when I suffer so painfully from the adverse understanding of the limited and subordinate minds by which I am surrounded? Would it not nobly accredit my faith in God that in a quiet communion with him I found a resting-place when sorely urged by the strife of tongues? To Him may I at all times patiently commit my cause, and be still in the thought that He is my God. Let me consider Him who endured, not merely the controversy of adverse judgments, but of adverse wills, the contradiction of sinners, and let me not be weary, nor faint in my mind. "If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain."—*Dr. Chalmers.*

* * *

THE DIVINE IN HUMANITY.—What so wide, what so high, even by the confessions of the more common instincts of humanity, as voluntary sacrifice? Why, this, in some mighty operation of it or other, is the awakener of all the most blood-stirring enthusiasm, and theme of all the most living literature, and the object of all the hero worship in the world. Willingness to suffer and to die for another's good, brave forgetfulness of self, hearty self-sacrifice,—when men ascend to the loftier moods of even their natural feelings, this is what they know to be the glory of man. And because, in the atoning work of the blessed Redeemer, the power and the mercy spring from the same glorious principle, acting with divine efficacy to deliver man from his worst enemy, even the horror of sin and its penalties, therefore it is that the cross is the center of the largest and most liberal fellowship known to mankind. They whose faith stands in it are knit together in the most catholic brotherhood possible. It is love, the largest and freest sentiment men ever feel, that joins them. It is usefulness, service, love's proper work, that binds them. It is self-sacrifice, what they all admire, that animates them.—*Church Monthly.*

* * *

OBEY AND YOU SHALL KNOW.—Never was there a truer or more beautiful saying—as every Christian experience will testify—than that of our Savior:—"If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine." Obedience opens the heart to the Great Teacher, the Holy Spirit, and gives us a practical insight into former mysteries. Not only so, but we become keenly appreciative of the beauty and harmony of all God's plans, in nature as well as in grace. None can have have so high an appreciation of the noble relations of this life, and of God's educational discipline to fit us for those relations, as the obedient, working Christian.—*Advocate and Jour.*

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GOD IS EVER NEAR TO THE SEEKING HEART.—Our souls are touched, quickened, purified, calmed, by the soft beauty of the spring morning, by the "utmost spiritual light" of stars, by the glory of the evening sky; or the grace of the woodland flower; by the word of friendly lips, by the noble deed of virtue; by converse with the pure and true; and every sincere word of kindness, every deed of charity and self-sacrifice, and every act of fidelity to conscience; these are all channels for the entrance of a Divine influence into our souls. God's spirit enters through them and with them; His spirit of redeeming grace, and of regenerating power.

* * *

COMFORT FOR THE SICK.—Some people imagine that they are not serving God unless they are visiting the sick, or engaged in some outward service; whereas the highest of all service is adoration in the soul. Perhaps God gets more glory by a single adoring look of some poor believer on a sick-bed, than from the outward labors of a whole day. You have your work to do for Christ *just where you are*. Are you on a sick-bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Only live for God *where you are*.—*M. Cheyne.*

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HE who never forgets his old friends and cherishes his attachment for them as ever, no matter how much time, space or fortune have kept them apart, is one of those rare beings with whom God has endowed the earth, that society may not utterly wither through the influence of ingratitude, selfishness, and the incessant changes in life.

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SPARE MOMENTS.—Spare moments are the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation finds the easiest access to the soul.—*Selected.*

Useful, Scientific, &c.

CURIOSITIES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

We have in this country, we believe, one photographic journal. England alone has no less than six, all ably edited. London boasts of six photographic societies; and it is stated that every considerable town in England has such a society. The British Government saves $50,000 per annum in the reduction of ordinance maps by photography instead of by hand. Photographers have taken "the sun himself" when in eclipse; they have caught an impression of a shell whizzing through the air, discharged from the mouth of a 36-inch mortar; they have caught the wave as it broke on the shore, the one depicting even the drops falling from its toppling crest; more, they have not failed in getting a "good impression" of the head of a criminal executed by the guillotine, catching the severed head in mid-air as it fell into the basket below. Photographic book marks and visiting cards are sold by the thousand, while photographic shirt studs and waistcoat buttons ornamented with microscopic miniatures, are now being daily produced in countless numbers at the button manufactories in Prussia; portraits of popular persons, Garibaldi, for instance, being ordered by the hundred thousand at a time! On the authority of a careful English writer, all this photographing requires the use of no less than twenty tons of silver per annum!—*Methodist.*

SAND PILLARS.

Atkinson, in his travels in the Amoor country, says:—"I have often witnessed a phenomenon on the sandy plains of Central Asia, which accounts in some measure for the innumerable sandy mounds that are found in some regions. When seen at a distance, for the first time, it made a strong impression on my mind. About twenty pillars were in view, wheeling round and licking up the sand. As they passed along, a cloud of dust was raised on the ground, apparently eight or ten yards in diameter. This gradually assumed the form of a column, that continued to increase in height and diameter as it moved over the plain, appearing like a mighty serpent rearing its head aloft, and twisting his huge body into contortions, in his efforts to ascend. The others fifty, sixty, and one hundred feet, and some ascended to nearly two hundred feet. As the whirlwinds began gathering up the dust, one might have fancied that antediluvian monsters were rising into life and activity. The smaller ones seemed to trip it lightly over the plain, bending their bodies in graceful curves, as they passed each other; while those of large dimensions revolved with gravity, swelling out their trunks as they moved onward, till the sandy fabric suddenly dissolved, forming a great mound, and creating a cloud of dust that was swept over the desert.—*Scientific American.*

DUST IN THE AIR.

M. Pouchet finds that the dust floating in the air contains the detritus of the mineral constituents of the globe, atoms of animals and plants, and the finest debris of all the materials we make use of. But one item he especially points out, viz., wheat starch, which is invariably found in dust, whether old or recent. Surprised at the quantity of it present among aerial corpuscles, M. Pouchet investigated the dust of all ages and of every locality, and everywhere he found this wheat starch present. "I have found the starch," he says, "in the most inaccessible corners of old Gothic churches, mixed with dust blackened by six or eight centuries of existence; I have found it in the palaces and khans of the Thebiad, where it might have dated from the time of the Pharaohs; I have found it in the tympanic cavity of the ear of a mummified dog, which I had found in a subterranean temple of upper Egypt. In all countries, in a word, where wheat forms the staple of food, starch always penetrates into the dust, and is met with in greater or less quantities."—*Med. Times.*

Words in their First Meaning.—The time was when every word was a picture. He who used a word first—almost any word—had a clear and vivid presentation to his mind of some object, and used that object as a type, and analogy to certain ideas, and pictured images present to his mind. Dean Trench furnishes many instances. Look at a word or two. *Dilapidated*—dilapidated fortunes, a dilapidated character, a dilapidated house. Is there not a vivid picture here, when we indentify the word with the Latin *dilapidare*—the falling apart of stones—and so survey stone after stone falling away, and leaving only a place of ruin? So the word *Husband*—the stay, and support, and binder together of the household, as old Tusser has said in his "Point of Husbandry:"—

"The name of husband—what is it to say!
Of wife and of household the band and the stay."

And the word *Wife* is like it; it is only another form of the words "weave" and "woof;" and in it we have, not only a picture of what was supposed to be a principal characteristic of female industry, but the moral idea, too, of our weaving, by her influence and affection, heart to heart, and the whole household into one. In the same way *Pity* grows into Piety.—*The Eclectic.*

Screaming Fishes.—From the letter of an intelligent lady, we make the following extract:—"In the early part of December I called upon a Quaker gentleman at Darlington, for whom I waited in a room in which stood a small aquarium, containing, along with the usual allotment of sea-anemones, star fishes, &c., five fishes not larger than minnows—a species of blennies, as I was informed. After watching their motions for a few minutes, as they floated near the surface of the water, I stooped down to examine them more nearly; when, to my utter amazement, they simultaneously set up a *shriek of terror* so loud and piercing, that I sprang back as if I had been electrified. I think a human being could hardly have set up a louder or shriller scream than did these tiny inhabitants of the water. Have you ever met with, or heard of, in any other case of the finny tribe, so striking an exception of the truth of the common saying, 'As mute as a fish?'"—*Notes and Queries.*

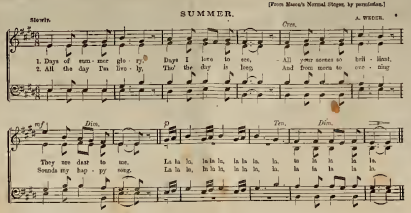
Uninflammable Fabrics.—A patent has been taken out in England, by M. J. Latta, for the employment of the sulphate, carbonate, or chloride of magnesia, mixed with starch, for muslin and linen, so as to render them uninflammable after being dressed. One part of any of these substances is mixed with three parts (by weight) of the starch; these proportions answer well.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought is the winnowing machine.

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.]

SUMMER.

A. WEBER.


Slowly.
Cres.
1. Days of sum - mer glo - ry, Days I love to see, All your scenes so bril - liant,
2. All the day I'm live - ly, Tho' the day is long, And from morn to eve - ning
mf
Dim.
p
Ten.
Dim.
They are dear to me. La la la, la la la, la la la, la, la la la la.
Sounds my hap - py song. La la la, la la la, la la la, la, la la la la.

3.

Let my mind be ever
Bright as yonder sun;
Pure as are the breezes
Just as night comes on.

4.

Meadows, fields, and mountains,
Clothed in shining green;
With the rippling fountains,
Through the willows seen.

5.

Birds that sweetly warble
All the summer days;
All things speak in music
Their Creator's praise.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

"Woe! woe! to the traitor who drags to the mire
The flag crimsoned deep with the blood of his sire;
If he rouse up the legions on land and on sea,
We are ready to die for the Flag of the Free!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 13, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Sketches of Our Army Officers.

Lieut. Greble.—Among the painful incidents of the engagement at Great Bethel, is the death of Lieut. John T. Greble. Lieut. Greble was a native of Pennsylvania, and belonged to the Second Artillery. He entered the service as a brevet, was made second lieutenant in that regiment in July, 1854, and was promoted to a first lieutenancy in March, 1857. For the last four or five years he had been stationed at West Point. A few months since he married Miss Clara French, daughter of the Rev. Mr. French, Chaplain at West Point, and was among the first who received orders from his government to repair to Washington to assist in protecting the flag of his country. He was a modest, but highly accomplished young officer, and was much beloved, both in and out of the army. His father resides in Philadelphia.

Capt. Judson Kilpatrick, commanding Company H, of Duryea's Zouaves, who is mentioned with honor in the engagement near Fortress Monroe, where he received a severe wound in the leg, but still gallantly led on his command, is a graduate of West Point, and is not much over twenty years of age. He was colonel of his class at West Point—an honor which is obtained by precision in shooting at a mark, when the class is admitted. He stood among the first five in point of scholarship. His aged parents reside near Deckertown, N. J., where they own a valuable farm. He is an only son.

Col. Wilcox, of the Michigan Regiment, in command at Alexandria, graduated at West Point in 1847; served in the Mexican war; continued in active service until two or three years since, and re-entered when the country called. He enjoys an excellent reputation. When Gen. Mansfield asked him what more was wanted at Alexandria, whether more dragoons or batteries, he replied, "Nothing but one trusty regiment of infantry." The Massachusetts Fifth was sent in response to this message.

Brigadier General Schenck, just now a prominent object in the public eye by reason of Vienna, was a member of Congress from Ohio, from 1843 to 1851. President Fillmore appointed him Minister to Brazil, where he was a most efficient officer. During the past few years he has been President of a railroad at the West. The four regiments forming the brigade he has been assigned to are two Ohio regiments, now in Washington, a Michigan regiment, and another soon to arrive. He is thus attached to the Military Department of Washington, under command of Gen. Mansfield.

Major Theodore Winthrop, Aid-de-camp to Gen. Butler, who was killed at Great Bethel, was a son of the late Francis B. Winthrop, of New Haven, and a nephew of President Woolsey, of Yale College. He was a young man of brilliant military and literary talents. He was a member of the 7th Regiment, and took a prominent part in the weary march through Maryland to the Junction. The article on that subject in the *Atlantic* for June, one of the most interesting in the number, and characterized by a vividness of description, vivacity and chasteness of style, was from his pen. Another on the camp-life of the 7th appears in the July number, which will be cherished as a memoir of the brave young soldier.

The party who were sent to Big Bethel to bring away the remains of Major Winthrop, were informed by the rebels that during the action the Major was distinctly seen for some time leading a body of men to the charge, and had mounted a log and was waving his sword and shouting to his men to "Come on!" when a North Carolina drummer-boy borrowed a gun, leaped on the battery and shot him deliberately in the breast. *He fell nearer to the enemy's works than any other man went during the fight.* When the rebels found his dead body, they laid his sword across his breast, and sent a messenger to inform Gen. Butler of his fate.

In referring to the death of this noble soldier, the *Tribune* speaks of him in the following eulogistic but truthful manner:—"To the private grief brought by this event upon a very large circle of friends, we are permitted only to allude; but it is entirely proper to say of one who was as yet but little known to the public, that the country has lost in him another young soldier, who, had he lived, was sure to have served her with unusual fervor and ability. Mr. Winthrop by nature and by education was endowed to a high degree with the qualities which make the successful soldier. Extensive travel in the wilderness, both in North and South America, had made him a hardy campaigner; the habit of facing danger, joined to a natural fearlessness, gave him a presence of mind and a coolness in peril, for the want of which many a brave man has lost a battle; and these qualities were backed by great energy and persistency of purpose. His mental powers fortified these moral traits, making altogether a character which would undoubtedly have proved their value in the life he had chosen from very deep convictions upon the principles involved in the struggle.

General Josiah Holmes, who is to command the Kentucky cavalry regiment, is a native of Pennsylvania. For nearly twenty years he was actively engaged in military operations in India, having assisted in organizing the forces of Runjeeth Singh, prince of the Punjaub, and afterward performed the same service for Dost Mahomed of Cabul. During the successful campaign against the Uzbeck Tartars in 1838-'39, he distinguished himself as commander of a division of the Cabul army. While a resident of India, he paid a tribute to his native land by raising the stars and stripes over one of the highest passes of the Indian Caucasus, 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and at the same time fired a national salute.

An English View of Gen. Scott.

One of the London journals, not many weeks ago, remarked that "Gen. Scott is proverbially a slow commander. He is always unpopular during his campaigns. It is only when the campaign is over and he has won—as he always has done—that the wisdom of his action is understood, and he becomes popular." Higher praise could not well have been bestowed on any commander, for the parallel is an exact one with that paid the Duke of Wellington. He was a slow coach—an old fogy. He never seemed to be doing anything. But he always won. In the end he was always worshiped. At Torres Vedras, in the Peninsular war, Wellington could have cut the French army to pieces in a few hours, with the loss of half his own. He waited, manœuvred, and secured advantages for a week, and he obtained a much more decisive victory with a loss that scarcely figured in the bulletin. Scott could have taken Vera Cruz in three days, with a loss of three thousand men; he took it in three weeks, and lost but a hundred or two.

Let one more point be fairly remembered. Winfield Scott has been in arms for more than half a century. During all that time, as youth, man, and veteran, when in command of any description of force, *he has never retreated one foot.* Not that he is any braver than officers who have made nearly as many retreats as advances, but that *he cannot be induced to move until he is certain of his ability to maintain his position.* Not a move will he make in the present contest until he feels well assured that he can maintain, in men, munitions of war, and lines of communication, any advantages temporarily secured; and the last thing which should be urged upon him by the Government, or on the Government by the people, is precipitation without judgment."

A Canadian View of the War.

The tone and spirit of the following article from the Toronto Globe, is in such striking and honorable contrast to the sneering and bitter assaults of the ministerial press, that we take pleasure in transferring it to our columns:

"As we predicted yesterday, the secessionists have not defended Grafton, in Western Virginia. They have retreated without firing a gun. They are also preparing to evacuate Harper's Ferry, which is in an utterly untenable position. Their cause is as good as lost. One month ago, they thought they had Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Virginia, and Maryland within their grasp. To-day Maryland and Missouri lie at the feet of the North. Kentucky is neutral, Tennessee is being actively canvassed on behalf of the Union, and Western Virginia is formed into a sovereign and almost free State. One month ago, the Southern army were prepared to march direct on Washington, and even threatened Pennsylvania and Maryland from Harper's Ferry. To-day they are content to take up defensive positions deep in the heart of Virginia, and are threatened with destruction by an overwhelming force. When a revolution does not go forward, it recedes. The retrograde movement from Harper's Ferry will inflict infinite chagrin on Jeff. Davis' army. It will disperse forever their golden dreams of conquest; it will reveal to them that they are about to undertake a weary, defensive warfare, with straitened means, against forces which they cannot cope with on equal terms. When we add that there are hundreds of thousands in Virginia watching the advance of the United States forces with joy, eager to re-establish the power of the Federal Government, we cannot suppose that there will be any great difficulty in accomplishing that work. There may be some fighting before Richmond; but raw Virginia levies, ill armed and worse fed, if they lose heart in retreat will, soon disperse to their homes, and the more Southerly rebels will fall back on their own States. Gen. Scott is a practical tactician, and will dispense with fighting if he can. By skillfully displaying his forces, he may compel the submission of Virginia without striking a blow. We presume that it will not be possible for the Northern troops to advance South of Virginia during the hot weather; but, if that State is conquered, the rest will follow in the fall. The pride of the South may be hurt, but probably the majority of the people will declare, after the war is over, that they were Union men all through, and entirely disapproved of the doings of Jeff. Davis."

A Dissolving View of Jeff. Davis.

The departure of the rebels from Harper's Ferry and the rumored evacuation of Manassas Junction has encouraged Mr. Forney, of the Philadelphia Press, who writes as follows from Washington to his paper:

"And when Davis retires where will he go? Beaten in Virginia, disgraced and humiliated, where will his army, like a wounded snake, drag the length of its poisonous and bleeding body? Of course to the Cotton States—to North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi! And what to do there? *To resuscitate, to feed, and to plunder.* What an invocation, this, to the misguided people to whom he has presented himself as a great Deliverer! What a sequel to all his promises! Well may they behold the retirement of his troops upon the field and thresholds with terror. *He can never advance to the positions he has lost and is losing.* He must fall back—fall back—all the time. And what a retreat! Before him a Government stronger than any in the world, and a people united by the consciousness of a good cause., Behind him a disappointed, depressed, and bankrupt population. Nor, when these Secession hordes leave the soil which they have polluted, will Mr. Lincoln pursue them. His first care will be to assist to heal the wounds of Virginia; to restore to her her fields, channeled by the hoofs of the traitor, so that they may once more blossom and bloom; to give back to her the Constitution stolen from her; and to bring together those who have been parted by insidious and treacherous men. As to Mason, Wise, Hunter, and the rest of that fast failing aristocracy, who have lost the prize they have played for, he will leave them to their own people—the same stern jurors and judges who will dispose of the chiefs of the Confederacy in their own good time when they get them back to their respective bailiwicks.

Richmond, which is now the capital of the 'Southern Confederacy,' will not see many sessions of the Traitor Congress. *Montgomery was the cradle of the new Disunion*—Richmond will be its Grave!

The Reaction—A Maryland View.

The Baltimore Clipper is now one of the most outspoken denunciators of the Southern rebellion. After reviewing, in truthful but severe terms, the course and action of the conspirators up to the time that they removed the scene of military devastation and despotism from their own soil to that of the Border States, the Clipper says:

The people there are already tired of this subjugation. They have been subjugated by the Davis conspirators. They have less freedom, fewer rights, and infinitely less protection of life and liberty than the slaves in their midst. They are the victims of a merciless, relentless and unreasoning military despotism. They are beginning to rise against their oppressors. The loyal men of Western Virginia have already taken means to restore their State Government, and to oust the boastful and lawless invaders from their soil. They have elected a Governor and Council, and are rapidly raising regiments of soldiers to defend themselves and their fellow Union men from the despots who would make them slaves. They have turned upon their pursuers, and, supported by the strong arm of the Federal Government, they will soon rid their soil of the infamous usurpers who have seized upon the machinery of their State Government. These Virginians are in earnest. They know what they are about. They are conscious that they are right, and they intend firmly and fearlessly to pursue their duty.

Missouri and Tennessee are preparing to follow the example of Virginia. A convention similar to that in session at Wheeling, has been called to meet at Knoxville. It will adopt similar action. It will repudiate the idea of a division of the State, and re-organize the State Government, and rally the *true* State's rights men to its support. With arms in their hands, they will defend their rights from the insolent usurpation of the Montgomery conspiracy, and drive the conspirators back upon their own territory, to mete them the punishment due to their heinous crime. The Union movement in Tennessee will close against the rebel army in Virginia their only avenue of communication with the Southwest. At present the Cumberland Gap road is the one upon which they depend for reinforcements and supplies. When this has been closed, as it soon will be, the story of the South Carolina rebellion will have been told. The rebel army in Virginia will soon be starved out, and compelled to surrender or evacuate.

A little while ago the people of Maryland were called upon most lustily to take part with Virginia. There are now two State Governments in Virginia, one established by the *people*, the other set up by the rebel army from South Carolina and Mississippi. Sympathy, the ties of blood, of trade, of association, of interest, all combine to unite Maryland with Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee in this struggle. To these loyal Virginians and Tennesseeans our aid and comfort is due, and we confidently believe, nay, we know, that we utter the sentiment of three-fourths of the people of our State when we bid them with all our heart, "God speed!"

Effects of the Blockade.

Nothing will more clearly illustrate the utter dependence of the South upon the North, not only for the means of moving and marketing its own products, but for the means of sustaining life, than the following comparison of prices at Charleston, South Carolina, and New York. The Charleston prices are obtained from the Courier of the 7th:

	Charleston prices.	New York prices.
Hay, per 100 lbs.	$3.00	45 cents.
Bacon, per lb.	14@17c	4½@10c
Corn per bushel,	$1.15@1,25	56c
Rice, per lb.	2½@3½c	5¼@6¼c
Flour, per bbl	$7 35@8,00	$5 50@7,25
Lard	14@16c	8½@9½c
Butter	40@50c	10@15c

New Orleans market reports continue to afford melancholy evidence of the effectiveness of the blockade. We quote from the *Bee* Price Current of the 3d:

Tobacco—We do not hear of a sale.
Sugar and Molasses—Nothing reported.
Flour—Nothing reported.
Coffee—We did not hear of a sale.
Oats, Bran and Hay—Nothing reported.

The marine lists exhibit a like aching void, thus:

Saturday—No arrivals from sea.
Sunday—No arrivals from sea.

Table of prices of various articles of food at Memphis and Chicago, as we find them quoted in the papers of those cities of the 5th inst:

	Memphis.	Chicago.
Flour per bbl.	$7,00	$4,25
Wheat per bush.	1,20	72
Corn per bush.	85	28
Potatoes per bush.	80	22

Since the foregoing was put in type, we have received the annexed comparative prices of corn, flour, and mess pork, as ruling in four of the Southern and a like number of Western cities:

CORN.

	Per bush.		Per bush.
Memphis	$ 70	New York	$ 45
New Orleans	80	Chicago	21
Montgomery	1 10	Cincinnati	28
Charleston	1 20	Toledo	25

FLOUR.

	Per bbl		Per bbl.
Memphis	$8 50	New York	$4 75
New Orleans	9 50	Chicago	3 50
Montgomery	10 00	Cincinnati	4 50
Charleston	7 50	Toledo	4 50

MESS PORK.

	Per bbl		Per bbl.
Memphis	$27 00	New York	$15 00
New Orleans	26 00	Chicago	15 50
Montgomery	26 00	Cincinnati	14 75
Charleston	27 50	Toledo	10 00

A correspondent of the *Scientific American*, writing from Texas, says:—"Owing to the present national difficulties, Northern travel, as a matter of course, has fallen off, and it leaves some of our principal hotels in rather an embarrassed state. The hotels in this city have been supported almost entirely by Northern custom; now that prop fails them, their prosperity ceases. The Island City House, the finest in the city, is about to succumb to the hard times; the Tremont House, a fine hotel, will soon follow. The Strand, the principal business street of this city, which at this time of the year has been usually lively, now looks deserted and lonely. Business in this city is perfectly stagnated. Merchants are disheartened, and most of them are closing out their stocks at an immense sacrifice. There is no sale for anything but corn, bacon and flour, and these are held by speculators at enormously high prices."

Western Va. Declaration of Independence.

The following declaration was reported to the Wheeling Convention by the Committee appointed for that purpose, put upon its passage and adopted unanimously:

The true purpose of all government is to promote the welfare and provide for the protection and security of the governed, and when any form or organization of government proves inadequate for, or subversive of this purpose, it is the right, it is the duty, of the latter to alter or abolish it. The Bill of Rights of Virginia, framed in 1776, reaffirmed in 1830, and again in 1851, expressly reserves this right to the majority of her people, and the existing Constitution does not confer upon the General Assembly the power to call a Convention to alter its provisions, or to change the relations of the Commonwealth, without the previously expressed consent of such majority. The act of the General Assembly, calling the Convention which assembled at Richmond in February last, was therefore a usurpation; and the Convention thus called has not only abused the powers nominally entrusted to it, but, with the connivance and active aid of the Executive, has usurped and exercised other powers, to the manifest injury of the people, which, if permitted, will inevitably subject them to a military despotism.

The Convention, by its pretended ordinances, has required the people of Virginia to separate from and wage war against the Government of the United States, and against the citizens of neighboring States, with whom they have heretofore maintained friendly social and business relations.

It has attempted to subvert the Union founded by Washington and his copatriots in the purer days of the Republic, which has conferred unexampled prosperity upon every class of citizens, and upon every section of the country.

It has attempted to transfer the allegiance of the people to an illegal confederacy of rebellious States, and required their submission to its pretended edicts and decrees.

It has attempted to place the whole military force and military operations of the Commonwealth under the control and direction of such confederacy, for offensive as well as defensive purposes.

It has, in conjunction with the State executive, instituted, wherever their usurped power extends, a reign of terror intended to suppress the free expression of the will of the people, making elections a mockery and a fraud.

The same combination, even before the passage of the pretended ordinance of secession, instituted war by the seizure and appropriation of the property of the Federal Government, and by organizing and mobilizing armies, with the avowed purpose of capturing or destroying the Capitol of the Union.

They have attempted to bring the allegiance of the people of the United States into direct conflict with their subordinate allegiance to the State, thereby making obedience to their pretended ordinance treason against the former.

We, therefore, the delegates here assembled in convention to devise such measures and take such action as the safety and welfare of the loyal citizens of Virginia may demand, having mutually considered the premises, and viewing with great concern the deplorable condition to which this once happy commonwealth must be reduced, unless some regular adequate remedy be speedily adopted, and appealing to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do hereby, in the name and on the behalf of the good people of Virginia, solemnly declare, that the preservation of their dearest rights and liberties and their security in person and property, imperatively demand the reorganization of the Government of the Commonwealth, and that all acts of said Convention and Executive, tending to separate this Commonwealth from the United States, or to levy and carry on war against them, are without authority, and void, and the offices of all who adhere to the said Convention and Executive, whether Legislative, Executive or Judicial, are vacated.

Spirit of the Hour.

TOUCHING.—The dying words of one of the Ohio Volunteers who fell at Vienna were, "It grows very dark, mother,—very dark."

WESTERN TEXAS shows her sympathy with Constitutional Government by taking steps to hold a Union Convention, like that of Western Virginia, and by organizing a mounted force which has already beaten twice its number of rebels.

MAJOR VAN DON has been appointed Colonel of the Wisconsin Seventh Regiment. He is a graduate of the Imperial Austrian Military Academy, and served in Hungary under Gen. Bem. In this country he has lived about twelve years, acting as instructor in military academies.

THE forty steam gun-boats which the Government have contracted for will be completed and ready for sea in about four months. The aggregate armament and force of these vessels will be as follows:—Officers and men 8,000; thirty-two pound cannon 480; Ten-inch guns 40; rifled cannon 40.

ONE of the first acts of the new Legislature of Virginia, which met at Wheeling Monday, will be to elect two United States Senators in the places formerly occupied by R. M. T. Hunter and J. M. Mason.

AT the recent skirmish at Fairfax Court House, when Lieut. Tompkins charged through that village, he killed the Captain of the rebel company who opposed him. A placard is now posted in the streets of the village offering a reward of $1,500 for Lieut. Tompkins' head.

GOV. HARRIS, of Tennessee, has proclaimed the vote of that State on the ordinance of secession. It will be seen that East Tennessee gave a majority of over seventeen thousand against secession:

	Sep.	No Sep.
East Tennessee	14,780	32,923
Middle Tennessee	58,265	8,198
West Tennessee	29,127	6,117
Military Camps	2,741	—
	104,913	47,238
Majority for Secession	57,675	

THE following is an extract from the letter of Col. Cook, 2d cavalry, U. S. A., a Virginian, who refuses to desert the Stars and Stripes:—"At 14 years of age, I was severed from Virginia; the National Government adopted me as its pupil and future defender; it gave me education and a profession; and I then made a solemn oath to bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and to 'serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whatsoever.' This oath and honor alike forbid me to abandon their standard at the first hour of danger."

Summary of News for the Week.

THE space occupied by the President's Message precludes the publication of anything save a brief summary of the more important transactions of the week.

CONGRESS convened at the date appointed in the call of the President. The House elected Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Speaker; Emerson Ethridge, of Tennessee, Clerk; and Edward Ball, of Ohio, Sergeant-at-Arms. But little has yet been brought before Congress, and the matters thus far presented relate directly to our National difficulties. The most important bills are those introduced by Mr. Van Wyck, as follows:—Increasing the pay of soldiers to $15 a month, commencing from May 1, 1861; also, a bill reducing the expenses of the Government. The last bill provides that all officers, excepting Post-Masters and Consuls, having no stated salary, shall pay all fees collected by them into the treasury; that the salaries of all officers—civil, military and naval—shall be reduced as follows: Over $10,000, 30 per cent.; over $8,500, 25 per cent.; over $5,000, 20 per cent.; over $3,000, 15 per cent.; over $2,000, 5 per cent. Also, repealing all laws granting mileage to M. C.'s, restricting the franking privilege to one ounce in weight, and repealing all laws and resolutions appropriating money for newspapers and stationery for Members of Congress.

NORTH CAROLINA will have at least one Representative on the floor of Congress during the Extra Session. Colonel C. H. Foster announces himself as unconditional candidate for Congress in the First District of that State. Having made his appointments, he will soon take the stump and prosecute a vigorous canvass. The Washington correspondent of the Tribune says Mr. F. has recently arrived there from his State, where he boldly defended and approved of the course of the Administration, in strong Union speeches made by him at large public meetings, which were got up by the Disunionists for the express purpose of denouncing Mr. F., and, if possible, drive him out of the State. At all of these meetings Mr. F. appeared in person, and met the traitors face to face, and told them to their teeth what they might expect if they continued in this unholy rebellion against the Union. Mr. Foster is a man of iron will, undaunted courage, brilliant talent, with a very effective and brilliant style of oratory. He will be remembered as the popular editor of the Norfolk (Va.) Day-Book. He was also considered one of the ablest political writers in the South. He has always been a prominent Democrat, and has held many prominent positions. He was chosen by acclamation to represent his District in the Charleston National Convention, and was among the ablest supporters of Mr. Breckenridge in the last campaign. He was also the first to take the stump for the Union at the opening of this great rebellion. He has a large interest in slave property, and is thoroughly identified with the interests of his State. He invites any Secessionist to meet him in joint discussion during the canvass. Mr. F. says that if a few Federal regiments were stationed in North Carolina, one in each Congressional District, to protect the Union men there, there would be a full delegation of unconditional Union members elected to Congress from that State on the first Thursday in August next. He also says that a brigade of loyal North Carolinians might be easily raised to co-operate with the Federal forces in putting down the treasonable usurpation of Governor Ellis, and others in his State.

THE Special Election for members of Congress (House) in Kentucky resulted as follows:

1st District—Henry C. Burnet, re-elected.
2d District—Jas. S. Jackson, vice Sam'l O. Peyton.
3d District—Henry Grider, vice Francis M. Bristow.
4th District—A. Harding, vice Wm. C. Anderson.
5th District—Chas. A. Wickliffe, vice J. Y. Brown.
6th District—Geo. W. Dunlap, vice Green Adams.
7th District—Robert Mallory, re-elected.
8th District—J. J. Crittenden, vice Wm. E. Simms.
9th District—W. H. Wadsworth, vice L. T. Moore.
10th District—J. W. Menzies, vice J. W. Stevenson.

We suppose that all may be set down as Union men; because none others than those who recognize the Union would accept representative office under it. All are probably for compromise and peace.

IT is ascertained from an official source that about 200,000 stand of arms have already been issued, leaving one-half that number still on hand, with others being manufactured; these arms are additional to those furnished by the State authorities. None have been ordered from abroad through the ordnance bureau; hence the recent importations must be on State or private account. Dealers are daily offering to supply the Government, which, however prefers its own patterns of uniformity. There is no lack of facilities, it will thus be seen, for arming all the troops that may be called into the field. There is abundance of ordnance and ordnance stores, and other enginery of warfare.

THE following are the military regulations concerning passports just issued, dated

HEADQUARTERS OF WASHINGTON ARMY,
July 1, 1861.

The General-in-Chief, by permission of Executive, announces to all concerned, that hereafter no passports, by whomsoever signed or countersigned, will entitle any person to pass the lines of the United States Army, unless the same be also countersigned by the commander of the military geographical department. This regulation will continue in force until further notice.

[Signed,] WINFIELD SCOTT,
E. D. TOWNSEND, Ass't Adj. Gen.

The above is confirmed.
[Signed,] W. H. SEWARD.

IN the "Department of the East," a movement of considerable military importance has been made during the week—the rout of the rebels, under Gen. Johnston, at Martinsburg, Va., by the Federal troops under Gen. Patterson. The following are the particulars:

The proper fords having been ascertained, the advance took place before daylight, the posts of honor being assigned to Capt. McMullen's Independent Rangers, 1st Wisconsin, and 11th Pennsylvania Regiments. The advancing column consisted of the brigades of Abercrombie, Thomas and Wynkoop. Abercrombie's brigade led the advance, and the casualties of the conflict were almost exclusively on the 1st Wisconsin and 11th Pennsylvania regiments. Col. Jarnett and Lieut.-Col. Coulter led the skirmishers, opening upon the rebels at 40 yards. The whole of the rebel force at Martinsburgh, consisting of four regiments of infantry and one regiment of horse, were engaged in the action. They had withdrawn four pieces of artillery, part rifled cannon. The casualties on our side are three killed and several wounded. Several of the dead and wounded of the rebel troops were left on the field in their hasty retreat. The loss of life on their side was said to be very heavy.

The official report reads thus:

BLACK RIVER, near Martinsburg.

To Col. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General:

I left Williamsport at 6½ this morning for this place, and drove out the rebels, who were about 2,000 strong, and who had four guns. I now occupy their camp, with the loss, I regret to say, of three killed and ten wounded.
R. PATTERSON,
Major-General Commanding.

THE rebel convention at Richmond has formally expelled the members who were elected from Western Virginia, and has provided for an election for President and Vice President of the Southern Confederacy in November next.

BOTH Houses of the Virginia Legislature organized at Wheeling on the 3d inst. Lieut. Gen. Paisley took the chair in the Senate, and Daniel Frost, of Jackson, was elected Speaker of the House. Gov. Pierpont's Message was sent to both bodies last night, together with a document from Washington, officially recognizing the new government. The message is a very able document and gives unusual satisfaction. It is a succinct review of secession in Virginia, and of the causes leading to the formation of the present government, and recommends an energetic co-operation with the United States Government. Specie belonging to the States, to the amount of $27,000, was seized and brought to Wheeling by order of the Governor, from the Exchange Bank of Weston. It was supposed that Ex-Governor Wise was heading for Weston to get this money.

IN the "Department of the West," we learn by the St. Louis Democrat, scouts from the Southern Border of Missouri report 5,200 Secession troops at Yelville, Arkansas, well armed, and having ten pieces of flying artillery. This force consists of 1,000 Tennessee, 2,200 from Arkansas, 600 Kentuckians and 1,500 from Missouri. They expect 4,000 from Gov. Jackson's troops, and large reinforcements are promised from the C. S. Army, and in one month they expect to have an active army of 15,000 or 20,000.

Reliable information from Springfield, Mo., says the 3d regiment, Colonel Siegle, and part of the 5th, Colonel Solomon, marched there on Sunday week. Col. Brown's regiment, 4th reserve corps and a battalion of the 5th, would arrive the next day. Colonel Siegle's regiment has guard of all the outlets from Missouri on the border of Kansas and Indian Territory, which, with Col. Siegle's outposts here from Springfield, will entirely hem Jackson in, and doubtless result in the capture of his whole force. J. B. Knott, Attorney General of Missouri, is now a prisoner in the Arsenal.

The Democrat's correspondent says the Union Home Guard at the battle of Cold Camp, on the 19th of June, had about 20 killed and wounded and 23 taken prisoners. The prisoners were taken to Warsaw, and liberated on taking oath not to bear arms against the Southern Confederacy. The Union force was 500 men, and that of the Secessionists 1,000 mounted men and 200 infantry. The loss of the Secessionists is reported to have been 32.

Nine men, 10 kegs of powder and a small quantity of arms were captured by a company of Federal troops at Chillicothe on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, on the 29th ult. The men meditated a destruction of the Railroad bridge in that vicinity, but their design was frustrated. They are now held as prisoners.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives.

HAVING been convened on an extraordinary occasion, as authorized by the Constitution, your attention is not called to any ordinary subject of legislation. At the beginning of the present Presidential term, four months ago, the functions of the Federal Government were found to be generally suspended within the several States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, excepting only those of the Post Office Department. Within these States all the forts, arsenals, dock yards, custom houses and the like, including the moveable and stationary property in and about them, had been seized and were held in open hostility to this Government, excepting only Forts Pickens, Taylor and Jefferson, on and near the Florida coast, and Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, S. C. The forts thus seized had been put in improved condition. New ones had been built, armed forces had been organized and were organizing, all avowedly with the same hostile purpose.

The forts remaining in the possession of the Federal Government in and near those States were either besieged or menaced by warlike preparations, and especially Fort Sumter was nearly surrounded by well protected hostile batteries, with guns equal in quality to the best of its own, and outnumbering the latter as perhaps ten to one. A disproportionate share of the Federal muskets and rifles had somehow found their way into these States, and had been seized to be used against the Government. The accumulations of the public revenue lying within them had been seized for the same object. The Navy was scattered in distant seas, leaving but a very small part of it within the immediate reach of the Government. Officers of the Federal army and navy had resigned in great numbers, and of those resigning a large proportion had taken up arms against the Government. Simultaneously and in connection with all this, the purpose to sever the Federal Union was openly avowed.

In accordance with this purpose, an ordinance had been adopted in each of the States, declaring the States respectively to be separated from the National Union. A formula for instituting a combined government of these States had been promulgated, and this illegal organization, in the character of "Confederate States," was already invoking recognition, aid and intervention from foreign powers.

Finding this condition of things, and believing it to be an imperative duty of the incoming Executive to prevent, if possible, the consummation of such an attempt to destroy the Federal Union, a choice of means to that end became indispensable. This choice was made and was declared in the Inaugural Address. The policy chosen looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to any stronger ones. It sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the government, and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion and the ballot box. It promised a continuance of the mails at the Government expense to the very people who were resisting the Government, and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbance to any of the people or of any of their rights. Of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiedly do in such a case, everything was forborne without which it was believed possible to keep the Government on foot.

On the 5th of March, the present incumbent's first full day in office, a letter from Major Anderson, commanding at Sumter, written on the 28th of February, and received at the War Department on the 4th of March, was by that Department placed in his hands. This letter expressed the professional opinion of the writer that reinforcements could not be thrown into that fort within the time for his relief rendered necessary by the limited supply of provisions, and with a view of holding possession of the same, with a force of less than 20,000 good and well disciplined men. This opinion was concurred in by all the officers of his command, and their memoranda on the subject were made enclosures of Major Anderson's letter. The whole was immediately laid before Lieut.-Gen. Scott, who at once concurred with Major Anderson in opinion. On reflection, however, he took full time, consulting with other officers both in the Army and in the Navy, and at the end of four days came reluctantly but decidedly to the same conclusion as before, and at the same time he also stated that no sufficient force was at the control of the Government, or could be raised and brought to the ground within the time when the provisions in the Fort would be exhausted. In a purely military point of view, this reduced the duty of the Administration in the case to a mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the Fort.

It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position under the circumstances would be utterly ruinous—that the necessity under which it was to be done would not be fully understood—that by many it would be construed as a part of a voluntary policy—that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to ensure to the latter a recognition abroad; that in fact it would be our National destruction consummated. This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and ere it would be reached, Fort Pickens might be re-inforced. This last would be a clear indication of policy, and would better enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumter as a military necessity.

An order was at once directed to be sent for the landing of the troops from the steamship Brooklyn into Fort Pickens. This order could not go by land, but must be taken the longer and slower route by sea. The first return news from the order was received just one week before the fall of Fort Sumter. The news itself was that the officer commanding the Sabine, to which vessel the troops had been transferred from the Brooklyn, acting upon some *quasi* armistice of the late administration, and the existence of which the present administration, up to the time the order was dispatched, had only too vague and uncertain rumors to fix attention, had refused to land the troops. To now reinforce Fort Pickens, before a crisis would be reached at Fort Sumter, was impossible, rendered so by the near exhaustion of provisions in the latter named fort. In precaution against such a conjuncture, the Government had a few days before commenced preparing an expedition as well adapted as might be to relieve Fort Sumter, which expedition was intended to be ultimately used or not, according to circumstances.

The strongest anticipated case for using it was now presented, and it was resolved to send it forward. As had been intended in this contingency, it was also resolved to notify the Governor of South Carolina that he might expect an attempt would be made to provision the fort, and that if the attempt should not be resisted there would be no effort to throw in men, arms or ammunition without further notice or in case of an attack upon the fort. This notice was accordingly given; whereupon the fort was attacked and bombarded to its fall, without even awaiting the arrival of the provisioning expedition.

It is thus seen that the assault upon and reduction of Fort Sumter was in no sense a matter of self-defence on the part of the assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could by no possibility commit aggression upon them. They knew—they were expressly notified—that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would, on that occasion, be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more. They knew that this Government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but merely to maintain visible possession, and thus to preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution, trusting, as hereinbefore stated, to time, discussion, and the ballot box for final adjustment; and they assailed and reduced the fort for precisely the reverse object—to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution.

That this was their object, the Executive well understood; and having said to them, in the Inaugural Address—"You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors," he took pains not only to keep this declaration good, but also to keep the case so free from ingenious sophistry that the world should not be able to misunderstand it. By the affair at Fort Sumter and its surrounding circumstances, that point was reached. Then and thereby the assailants of the Government began the conflict of arms without a gun in sight or expectancy to return their fire, save only the few in the fort, sent to that harbor years before for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful.

In this act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country the distinct issue: "Immediate dissolution or blood." And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question, whether discontented individuals, too few in number to control administration according to organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretences made in this case, or on any other pretences, or arbitrarily, without any pretence, break up their Government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth.

It forces us to ask, "Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness?" "Must a government, of necessity, be too *strong* for the liberties of the people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?" So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war power of the Government, and so to resist force, employed for its destruction, by force, for its preservation.

The call was made, and the response of the country was most gratifying—surpassing in unanimity and spirit the most sanguine expectation.

Yet none of the States, commonly called Slave States, except Delaware, gave a regiment through regular State organization. A few regiments have been organized within some others of those States by individual enterprise, and received into the Government service. Of course the seceded States, so-called, and to which Texas had been joined about the time of the Inauguration, gave no troops to the cause of the Union. The Border States, so-called, were not uniform in their action, some of them being almost *for* the Union; while in others, as in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, the Union sentiment was nearly repressed and silenced. The course taken in Virginia was the most remarkable, perhaps the most important.

A convention elected by the people of that State, to consider this very question of disrupting the Federal Union, was in session at the Capital of Virginia, when Fort Sumter fell. To this body the people had chosen a large majority of professed Union men. Almost immediately after the fall of Sumter, many members of that majority went over to the original disunion minority, and with them adopted an ordinance for withdrawing the State from the Union. Whether this change was wrought by their great approval of the assault upon Sumter, or their great resentment at the Government's resistance to that assault, is not definitely known.

Although they submitted the ordinance for ratification to a vote of the people, to be taken on a day then somewhat more than a month distant, the Convention and the Legislature, which was also in session at the same time and place, with leading men of the State not members of either, immediately commenced acting as if the State were already out of the Union. They pushed military preparation vigorously forward all over the State. They seized the U. S. Armory at Harper's Ferry, and the Navy Yard at Gosport, near Norfolk. They received—perhaps invited—into their State large bodies of troops, with their warlike appointments, from the so-called seceded States. They formally entered into a treaty of temporary alliance with the so-called Confederate States, and sent members to their Congress at Montgomery, and finally they permitted the insurrectionary government to be transferred to their capital at Richmond.

The people of Virginia have thus allowed this giant insurrection to make its nest within her borders, and this Government has no choice left but to deal with it where it finds it; and it has the less to regret, as the loyal citizens have in due form claimed its protection. Those loyal citizens this Government is bound to recognize and protect as being Virginia.

In the border States, so-called—in fact the middle States—there are those who favor a policy which they call armed neutrality,—that is, an arming of those States, to prevent the Union forces passing one way, and the disunion the other, over their soil. This would be disunion completed. Figuratively speaking, it would be the building of an impassable wall along the line of separation,—and yet not quite an impassable one; for under the guise of neutrality, it would tie the hands of the Union men and freely pass supplies from among them to the insurrectionists; which it could not do as an open enemy. At a stroke it would take all the trouble off the hands of secession, except only what proceeds from the external blockade. It would do for the disunionists that which of all things they most desire—feed them well and give them disunion without a struggle of their own. It recognizes no fidelity to the Constitution, no obligation to maintain the Union; and while very many who have favored it are doubtless loyal citizens, it is nevertheless very injurious in effect.

Recurring to the action of the Government, it may be stated that at first a call was made for 75,000 militia; and rapidly following this a proclamation was issued for closing the ports of the insurrectionary districts, by proceedings in the nature of blockade. So far all was believed to be strictly legal. At this point the insurrectionists announced their purpose to enter upon the practice of privateering. Other calls were made for volunteers to serve three years, unless sooner discharged, and also large additions to the regular army and navy.

These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon, under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity; trusting, then, as now, that Congress would readily ratify them. It is believed that nothing has been done beyond the constitutional competency of Congress.

Soon after the first call for militia, it was considered a duty to authorize the Commanding General, in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus; or, in other words, to arrest and detain, without resort to ordinary processes and forms of law, such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety. This authority has purposely been exercised but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it, are questioned, and the attention of the country has been called to the proposition that one who is sworn to take care that the laws be faithfully executed, should not himself violate them. Of course, some consideration was given to the questions of power and propriety, before this matter was acted upon.

The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed, were being resisted and failing of execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that by the use of the means necessary to their execution, some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizens' liberty, that practically it relieves more of the guilty than the innocent, should, to a very limited extent, be violated?

To state the question more directly, are all the laws but one to go unexecuted, and the Government itself to go to pieces, lest that one be violated? Even in such a case, would not the official oath be broken if the Government should be overthrown when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it? But it was not believed that this question was presented. It was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that "the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it," is equivalent to a provision — is a provision — that such privilege may be suspended when, in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety *does* require it. It was decided that we have a case of rebellion, and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege of the writ which was authorized to be made.

Now it is insisted that Congress, and not the Executive, is vested with the power. But the Constitution itself is silent as to which or who is to exercise the power; and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it cannot be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress should be called together; the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case by the rebellion. No more extended argument is now offered, as an opinion at some length will probably be presented by the Attorney General. Whether there shall be any legislation on the subject, and if any, what, is submitted to the better judgment of Congress.

The forbearance of this Government has been so extraordinary and so long continued, as to lead some foreign nations to shape their actions as if they supposed the early destruction of our National Union was probable. While this, on discovery, gave the Executive some concern, he is now happy to say that the sovereignty and rights of the United States are now every where practically respected by foreign powers, and a general sympathy with the country is manifested throughout the world.

The reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, War and Navy will give the information in detail deemed necessary and convenient for your deliberation and action; while the Executive and Departments will stand ready to supply omissions, or to communicate new facts, considered important for you to know.

It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and a decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work, at least 400,000 men and $400,000,000. That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages within the regions where apparently all are willing to engage, and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the money value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole. A debt of $600,000,000 *now* is a less sum per head than was the debt of our revolution when we came out of that struggle; and the money value in the country now, bears even a greater proportion to what it was then, than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive now to preserve our liberties, as each had then to establish them.

A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money. The evidence reaching us from the country, leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and that it needs only the hand of legislation to give it legal sanction, and the hand of the Executive to give it practical shape and efficiency. One of the greatest perplexities of the Government is to avoid receiving troops faster than it can provide for them. In a word, the people will save their Government, if the Government itself will do its part only indifferently well.

It might seem at first thought to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called secession or rebellion. The movers, however, well understood the difference. They knew at the beginning that they could never raise their treason to any respectable magnitude by any name which implies violation of law. They knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for the history and government of their common country, as any other civilized and patriotic people.

They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. They accordingly commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind. They invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents of the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is that any State of the Union may consistently with the national Constitution, and therefore lawfully and peacefully, withdraw from the Union without the consent of the Union, or of any other State. The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judges of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice.

With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government, the day after some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretence of taking their State out of the Union, who could have been brought to no such thing the day before.

This sophism derives much, perhaps the whole, of its currency, from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a State—to each State of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution—no one of them ever having been a State out of the Union. The original ones passed into the Union even before they cast off their British colonial dependence; and the new ones came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was the first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the United Colonies were declared free and independent States; but even then the object plainly was not to declare their independence of one another or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action, before, at the time, and afterward, abundantly show. The express plighting of faith by each and all of the original thirteen, in the Articles of Confederation, two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual, is most conclusive. Having never been States, either in substance or name, outside the Union, whence this magical omnipotence of State rights, asserting a claim of power to lawfully destroy the Union itself?

Much is said about the sovereignty of States, but the word, even, is not in the National Constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State Constitutions. What is a sovereignty, in the political sense of the term? Would it be far wrong to define it "A political community without a political superior?" Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, ever was a sovereignty; and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States, and laws and treaties of the United States, made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law of the land.

The States have their *status* IN the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty. By conquest, or purchase, the Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact it created them as States. Originally, some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them, and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State Constitution independent of the Union. Of course it is not forgotten that all the new States framed their Constitution before they entered the Union, nevertheless dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union.

Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them by the National Constitution, but among these surely are not included all conceivable powers however mischievous or destructive; but at most such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental powers; and certainly a power to destroy the Government itself had never been known as a governmental—as a merely administrative—power. This relative matter of National power and State rights as a principle, is no other than a principle of generality and locality. Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the general government; while whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State.

This is all there is of the original principle about it. Whether the National Constitution, in defining the boundaries between the two, has applied the principle with exact accuracy, is not to be questioned; we are all bound by that defining without question. What is now combatted is the position that secession is consistent with the Constitution—is lawful and peaceful. It is not contended that there is any express law for it, and nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust and absurd consequences. The Nation purchased with money the countries out of which several of these States were formed. Is it just that they shall go off without leave or without refunding? The Nation paid very large sums—in the aggregate, I believe, nearly $100,000,000, to relieve Florida from the aboriginal tribes. Is it just that she shall now go off without consent, or without any return? The Nation is now in debt for money applied for the benefit of these so-called seceded States, in common with the rest. Is it just either that creditors shall go unpaid, or the remaining States pay the whole? A part of the present National debt was contracted to pay the old debt of Texas. Is it just that she shall leave, and pay no part of this herself?

Again, if one State may secede, so may another; and when all shall have seceded, none is left to pay the debts. Is this quite just to creditors? Did we notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money?

If we now recognize this doctrine, by allowing the seceders to go in peace, it is difficult to see what we can do if others choose to go or to extort terms upon which they will promise to remain.

The seceders insist that our Constitution admits of secession. They have assumed to make a National Constitution of their own, in which, of necessity, they have either discarded or retained the right of secession, as they insist it exists in ours. If they have discarded it, they thereby admit that, on principle, it ought not to be in ours. If they have retained it by their own construction of ours, they show that to be consistent they must secede from one another, when they shall find it the easiest way of settling their debts, or effecting any other selfish or unjust object. The principle itself is one of disintegration, and on which no government can possibly endure. If all the States save one should assert the power to drive that one out of the Union, it is presumed the whole class of the seceder politicians would at once deny the power, and denounce the act as the greatest outrage upon State rights. But suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called driving one out, should be called the seceding of the others from that one, it would be exactly what the seceders claim to do, unless, indeed, they make the point that the one, because it is a minority, may rightfully do that which the others, because they are the majority, may not rightfully do.

These politicians are subtle and profound on the rights of minorities. They are not partial to that power which made the Constitution, and speaks from the preamble, calling itself "we, the people." It may well be questioned whether there is to-day a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State, except, perhaps, South Carolina, in favor of disunion. There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one, of the so-called seceded States. The contrary has not been demonstrated in any one of them. It is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee; for the result of an election held in military camps, where the bayonets are all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as demonstrating popular sentiment. At such an election, all that large majority who are at once for the Union and against coercion, would be coerced to vote against the Union. It may be affirmed without extravagance, that the free institutions which we enjoy have developed the power and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world. Of this we now have a striking and impressive illustration.

So large an army as the Government has now on foot was never before known, without a soldier in it who has not taken his place there of his own free choice. But, more than this, there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the world; and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, and perhaps a Court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself.

Nor do I say this is not true also in the army of our late friends, now adversaries in this contest; but if it is, so much the better reason why the government which has conferred such benefits on both them and us, should not be broken up. Whoever, in any section, proposes to abandon such a government, would do well to consider in deference to what principle it is that he does it—what better he is likely to get in its stead—whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give, so much good to the people.

There are some foreshadowings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some declarations of independence, in which, unlike the good old one penned by Jefferson, they omit the words, "all men are created equal." Why? They have adopted a temporary National Constitution, in the preamble of which, unlike our good one, signed by Washington, they omit "we the people," and substitute "we the deputies of the sovereign and independent States." Why? Why this deliberate pressing out the rights of men and the authority of the people?

This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union, it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life. Yielding to partial and temporary departures, from necessity, this is the leading object of the government for whose existence we contend. I am most happy to believe that the plain people appreciate this. It is worthy of note that while in this the government's hour of trial large numbers of those in the army and navy who have been favored with the offices have resigned and proved false to the hand that pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag. Great honor is due to those officers who remained true, despite the example of their treacherous associates.

But the greatest honor and most important fact of all is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors. To the last man, so far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands within an hour before they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understand, without an argument, that the destroying of the government which was made by Washington, means no good to them.

Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled: the successful establishing and the successful administering of it. One still remains: its successful maintenance against formidable internal attempts to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets; and that when ballots are fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets—that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves, at succeeding elections.

Such will be a great lesson of peace—teaching men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take it by war, teaching all the folly of being the beginners of war.

Lest there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the Government toward the Southern States after the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the Executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then as ever to be guided by the Constitution and the Laws, and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and duty of the Federal Government relative to the rights of the States and the people under the Constitution than that expressed in the Inaugural Address.

He desires to preserve the Government that it may be administered for all as it was administered by the men who made it. Loyal citizens everywhere have the right to claim this of their government, and their government has no right to withhold or neglect it. It is not perceived that in giving it there is any coercion—any conquest or subjugation—in any just sense of those terms. The Constitution provides, and all the States have accepted the provision, that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government: but if a State may lawfully go out of the Union, having done so it may also discard the republican form of government; so that to prevent its going out is an indispensable means to the end of maintaining the guarantee mentioned; and when an end is lawful and obligatory, the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory.

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defence of the Government forced upon him. He could but perform his duty, or surrender the existence of the Government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure. Not that compromises are not often proper, but that no popular government can long survive a marked precedent that those who carry an election can only save the government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election.

The people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decision. As a private citizen, the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish; much less could he, in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him. He felt that he had no moral right to shrink, not even to count the chances of his own life in what might follow.

In full view of his great responsibility, he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. He sincerely hopes that your views and your actions may so accord with his as to assure all faithful citizens who have been disturbed in their rights, of a certain and speedy restoration to them under the Constitution and the Laws. And having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
July 4th, 1861.

The Publisher to the Public.

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

THE Second Half of the Twelfth Volume of RURAL NEW-YORKER commenced July 6th. Now, therefore, is the time for renewals, and for new subscriptions, whether club or single. Additions to clubs are also in order, at club rates. Agents and Subscribers—and indeed all who are friendly to the RURAL—are frankly asked to aid in extending our circulation so far as consistent. In return, we promise our best efforts to render the paper as interesting and valuable as possible—to spare no reasonable effort or expenditure to fully maintain, if not augment, its position as *the Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class.*

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, July 9, 1861.

WE make but two changes in the rates current at the date of our last report. Best white wheat has declined materially, and can now be purchased for $1,25@1,30 per bushel. Dried Apples are only worth 2 cents per pound. Transactions in Wool are still limited, and at the prices which have ruled since the opening of the season.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN	
Flour, winter wheat	$5.00@6.50
Flour, spring do	4.50@5.00
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00
Meal, Indian	90@90c
Wheat, Genesee	1.10@1.25
Best white Canada	1.25@1.30
Corn, old	30@33c
Corn, new	30@33c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush.	50@50c
Oats, by weight	25@27c
Barley	50@50c
Buckwheat	35@40c
Beans	1.00@1.25
MEATS	
Pork, Mess	$16.00@18.00
Pork, clear	20.00@0.00
Pork, cwt	5.00@5.50
Beef, cwt	4.00@6.00
Spring lambs, each	1.50@2.00
Mutton, carcass	5@6½c
Hams, smoked	9@9c
Shoulders	6@6c
Chickens	9@10c
Turkeys	10@11c
Geese	40@50c
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44c
DAIRY, &c	
Butter, roll	10@11c
Butter, firkin	9@10c
Cheese	5@7c
Lard, tried	9½@9½c
Tallow, rough	5@5½c
Tallow, tried	7½@8c
Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Honey, box	12@14c
Candles, box	10½@11c
Candles, extra	12@12c
FRUIT AND ROOTS	
Apples, bushel	50@75c
Apples, dried ℔ lb.	2@2c
Peaches, do	12@12c
Cherries, do	12@12c
Plums, do	00@8c
Potatoes	25@38c
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	3½@4c
Calf	6@7c
Sheep Pelts	00@1.50
Lamb Pelts	25@31c
SEEDS	
Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Timothy	2.50@3.00
SUNDRIES	
Wood, hard	$5.00@5.00
Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Coal, Scranton	5.75@6.00
Coal, Pittston	5.75@6.00
Coal, Shamokin	5.75@6.00
Coal, Char.	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	1.40@1.45
Hay, ton	8.00@11.00
Straw, ton	0.00@0.00
Wool, ℔ lb	18@25c
Whitefish, half bbl	3.25@3.50
Codfish, quintal	3.50@4.00
Trout, half bbl	3.25@3.50

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 8.—FLOUR—Market heavy, unsettled and 5c lower, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at $3,65@3,70 for superfine State, $4@4,20 for extra do, $3,25@3,65 for superfine Western, $3,80@4,40 for common to medium extra do, $4,65@4,75 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $4,85@6,50 for trade brands do,—market closing heavy and inactive. Canadian flour in limited request at easier prices. Sales at $4,00@7,00 for common to choice extra. Rye flour quiet, with small sales at $2,50@3,80. Corn meal dull and drooping.

GRAIN.—There is a firmer tone to the wheat market, and good shipping parcels may be quoted at 1@2c better. Sales Chicago spring at 75@82c, Northwestern club at 83@88c; Racine spring at 87@92c, amber Iowa at 92@94c, Canada club at 85c, winter red Western at $1,05@1,08, Canada at $1 12, and white Western at $1,10@1,15. Rye dull with sales at 50@52c for Western, 67@68c for Northern, and 62@65c for Canada. Barley continues heavy and dull, nominally at 55@62c. Barley malt remains unchanged. Peas remain quiet and nominal at 68c for Canadian. Corn market opened heavy and closed 1@2c lower. Sales at 38@43c for new mixed Western, 44@46c for common to prime new mixed Western, 49@50c for yellow Western, and 48@52c for white Western. Oats dull, with sales at 26@29c. for Western and Canadian, and 30@31c. for State.

PROVISIONS.—Pork market quiet and prices scarcely so firm, sales at $14,62 for mess; $10,00 for prime. Beef rules quiet, sales at $4@4,50 for country prime, $5,50@6,00 for country mess, $8@10 for re-packed mess, and $10@11 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged at $17@18. Beef hams steady, sales at $12,50@14 for Western, and $11,25 for State. Cut meats continue dull at 4¼@5¼c for Shoulders, and 5½@6¾c for Hams. Smoked meats are nominal at 9½@10½c for Hams, 7@8c for Shoulders, and 8¼c for sides. Bacon quiet and prices nominally unchanged. Lard quiet, and prices without change, sales at 8@9c for No. 1 to choice Western.—Butter is selling at 7@12c for Ohio, and 12@15c for State. Cheese steady and selling at 2@7c for inferior to prime.

ASHES—Steady, at $5,56¼ for Pots, and $5,68¾ for Pearls.

HOPS—The Foreign accounts continue favorable for holders, and the market is very firm, with rather more activity, in part for export, the stock of desirable grades is now small. The sales are about 250 bales at 15@25c, cash, as to quality, including 100 bales for export, on private terms. Old growths are flat.

ALBANY, JULY 8.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is very quiet, but prices are unchanged. We quote

Common to good State	$4,25@4,50
Fancy and extra State	4,50@4,70
Common to good Western	4,25@4,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5,00@7,10
Extra Ohio	6,00@7,10
Common Canadian	4,50@4,75
Extra Canadian	5,00@7,00
Fancy Genesee	6,25@6,75
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,25@7,50

Corn meal is steady with sales to a moderate extent at $1,00@1,12½ ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—No sales of Wheat, with a good supply offering. Corn lower, with sales Western mixed at 42@42½c. In Rye and Barley nothing was done. Oats quiet, sales Western at 27½c.

BUFFALO, JULY 8.—FLOUR—Market quiet and steady.—Sales at $3,50@3,75 for fair to choice extra Wisconsin in round lots, $3,75@4,00 for do in small lots, $4,75@5,00 for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,25@5,75 for the whole range of double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat market a shade firmer with a moderate demand. Sales Saturday afternoon No 1 Chicago spring at 68c. This morning Kenosha club at 78c, and red winter Indiana at 90c. Corn, market steady with a fair demand, sales this morning at 31@32½c—mostly at the outside figure. Oats, market quiet and steady, sales this morning at 21c. No sales other grains.

TORONTO, JULY 4.—FLOUR—We hear no actual sales reported upon which quotations can be based, and though offers have been made for fresh ground, holders are not disposed to accept the figures. Only small quantities come forward, so that the market is limited. It is therefore difficult to give quotations as exhibiting the real value of flour, prices therefore cannot be otherwise than purely nominal. We quote for

Superior Extra	$5,62@6,12½
Extra	5,00@5,25
Fancy	4,50@4,65
No. One	3,70@4,00
No. Two	3,15@3,30

GRAIN—Fall Wheat, receipts by farmers' wagons have been on a very reduced scale all the week and did not exceed 3,000@4,000 bushels. The market has ruled quiet and with very little competition. We quote for prime samples $1@1 08. Common to medium 88@95c. Spring wheat has been in very small supply and dull. The receipts would not exceed 2,000 bushels, and brought from 70@76c. The receipts of barley have also been very limited and with scarcely any demand, 37@40c may be quoted as the prices paid. Oats have ruled steady at 26@27c., larger receipts would have a tendency to reduce the price as the demand is altogether for city use. The inquiry for peas remains quiet in the absence of receipts, the small quantity which comes to market averaging not more than one or two loads daily. Sales are at 40@45c—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 3.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt.	$8.00@8.50
Ordinary quality	7.75@8.00
Common quality	7.00@7.50
Inferior quality	6.00@6.75
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50.00@50.00
Ordinary quality	40.00@50.00
Common quality	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality	22.00@28.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb.	5 @5½c
Ordinary quality	4½@5 c
Common quality	4 @4½c
Inferior quality	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$4.75@5.00
Ordinary quality	4.00@4.50
Common quality	3.25@3.75
Inferior quality	2.50@3.00
SWINE.	
First quality, ℔ lb	4½@4¾c
Other qualities	3½@3¾c

ALBANY, JULY 8.—BEEVES—The low rates that have ruled here week after week, since the warm weather set in, has at last had the effect to check shipments at the West in a measure. The receipts at this point are 2,000 head less than last week, but nearly 1,000 were held over, and this gives a total on sale now of about 1,000, which is considerable more than is needed on any one market day in July. Trade is remarkably inactive.—The average quality is lower than last week.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year.
Cattle	2,988	5,023	3,024
Sheep	2,834	3,161	3,718
Hogs			88

PRICES—Although we hear of no sales as high as 4½c ℔ lb, we do not feel justified in altering our quotations.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	0 @0 c	0 @ c
Extra	4¼@4½c	4¼@4½c
First quality	3½@3¾c	3½@3¾c
Second quality	2¾@3 c	2¾@3 c
Third quality	2¼@0 c	2¼@0 c

SHEEP—In excess of the demand and selling very low. A lot of rather coarse Michigan, aver 101 lbs, at $3 ℔ head. 170 good Kentucky, aver 106 lbs, at 3½c ℔ lb. For a lot of fine Ohios, aver 120 lbs $3,63 was refused.

HOGS—Plenty and neglected. Some 18 car loads came in yesterday, we quote corn fed nominally at 3½c ℔ lb.—*Atlas and Argus.*

BRIGHTON, JULY 2.—At market 1,100 Beeves, 90 Stores, 1,200 Sheep and Lambs, and 3,000 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.75; first quality, $6 50, second do $6 00, third do, $5.50.

MILCH COWS—$41@46, common, $18@19.

WORKING OXEN—$95, $120@135.

VEAL CALVES—$3, $4@5.

YEARLINGS—None; two years old, none, three years old, $18@19 each.

HIDES—4½@5c. Tallow, 6c.

CALF SKINS—7@8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1 25@1 50, extra and selections, $3, $4, @5 00.

PELTS—25c.@$1.00.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 5@6c, retail, 5@7c, fat hogs, still fed, none, corn fed, none, spring pigs, wholesale, 5@6c, retail, 8@10c.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 3.—At market 378 Cattle, 340 Beeves, and 38 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25@6.50, first quality, $6.00, second do, $5.25@0.00, third do $4.25.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$30@56.

STORES—Yearlings, none, Two years old, none, Three years old, none.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3,600 at market. Prices in lots at $1.50@2.00 each, extra and selections $2.75@3.75, or 3@4c ℔ lb. Spring Lambs $1,50@3.50.

HIDES—4½@5c ℔ lb. Tallow, 6@6c.

PELTS—25c@$1. Calf Skins, 7@8c ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$3@6.

TORONTO, JULY 4.—BEEF—Very little live stock have been offered during the week—the price paid is from $5@6.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 3.—The week has passed thus far without any change in demand, or variation in prices. There are yet no indications of improvement in any kind of business which can influence the Wool trade. With the exception of about 300 bales California Wool from first hands (most of which sold at 20c, 6 mos.) we have to report the sales as confined from the dealers, and that to a very small extent. There is no movement in Foreign that we have heard of, and Domestic is about as quiet. The transactions in the country of the new clip have not yet been made public to any extent, and we can gather no safe reliable information of what has been done or prices paid. Enough, however, has been sold to put down prices nearly 50 per cent from last year on the fine grades of Fleece Wool. It is doubtful if the farmers will be satisfied with the present low rates, and it is thought much of the wool will be held for better prices. Pulled Wool partakes very largely of the general stagnation, and there is now very little of the lower quality inquired for, which was wanted recently for army goods.

American Saxony Fleece ℔ lb.	38@40
American full blood Merino	36@37
American half and three-quarter blood Merino	28@31
Native and one-fourth Merino	22@25
Extra, Pulled	35@37
Superfine, Pulled	31@34
No. 1, Pulled	22@24
Lambs, Pulled	26@27
California, fine, unwashed	24@26
California, common do	10@18
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South American Merino, unwashed	21@23
Do do. Mestiza, do	16@23
Do do common, washed	10@13
Do do Entre Rios, do	15@18
Do do. Entre Rios, unwashed	9@10
Do do Cordova, washed	20@22
Cape Good Hope, unwashed	25@28
East India, washed	12@25
African, washed	16@38
Do unwashed	9@18
Smyrna, do.	11@14
Do washed	20@26
Mexican, unwashed	10@12

BOSTON, JULY 3.—There has been a fair demand for Wool, and the sales of low and medium grades fleece and pulled have been to a fair extent, mostly at 32@35c for fleece, the transactions of the week comprising about 200 000 lbs. In the country the purchasers of the new clip have been quite small as yet at 25@30c ℔ lb. The transactions in foreign have been 200 bales East India, South American, and Mediterranean, at prices we did not learn.

Saxony Fleece	34@40	Pulled No 1	25@30
Full blood Merino	36@38	Do No 2	16@20
Three-fourth do	34@36	Texas	9@40
Half do	32@34	Smyrna, washed	10@25
Common	26@30	Do unwashed	9@11
Western mixed	20@25	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Pulled Extra	35@43	Crimea	7@17
Do Superfine	30@30	Canada	20@33

CHICAGO, JULY 3.—The prices offered are so low that there is no inducement for holders to come into the market. As yet no Eastern buyers have made their appearance here, and the sales have been very light at 20@25c—the latter for three-fourths blood.—*Democrat.*

TORONTO, JULY 4.—Wool is in request but without much change in price, we quote 25@26c as the price paid—*Globe.*

Married.

AT Galen, on Thursday evening, June 20th, by Rev W H MEGIE, Mr JOHN OEUEL, of Galen, and Miss ELIZA S. ROGERS of the same place.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

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Payments to be made half yearly, in advance.

The first session commences the first Tuesday of September. The second Session opens the first of February and ends in June, when the principal and public examination is made.

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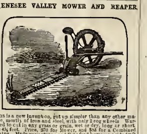

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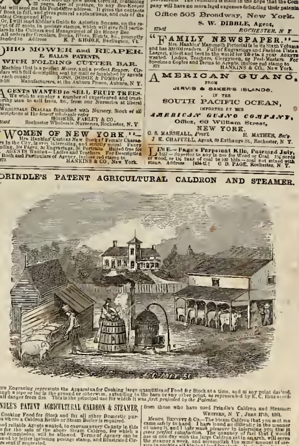


THIS Engraving represents the Apparatus for Cooking large quantities of Food for Stock at a time, and at any point desired, through a pipe or log in the ground or otherwise, extending to the barn or any other point, as represented by E. C., thus avoiding all danger from fire. This is the principal use for which it was *first projected by the Patentee.*

PRINDLE'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL CALDRON & STEAMER,

For Cooking Food for Stock and for all other Domestic purposes where a Caldron Kettle or Steam Boiler is required.

Good reliable Agents wanted, to canvass every County in this State for the sale of the above Steam Caldron, for which a liberal commission will be allowed. Terms of Agency can be obtained by letter inclosing postage stamp, and Illustrated Circulars sent if requested.

Address BENNETT & CO., Agent and Manufacturers,
159 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
Rochester, June 24th, 1861.

What Practical Farmers Say.

THE following is a sample of many letters recently received from those who have used Prindle's Caldron and Steamer:

WESTERN, N. Y., June 17th, 1861.

Messrs. BENNETT & Co.—The Steam Caldron that you sent me came safely to hand. I have found no difficulty in the manner of using it, and I *take much pleasure* in informing you that it *gives perfect satisfaction.* The quantity of fuel that I would use in one day with the large Caldron set in an arch, will serve the steamer a week, and accomplish the same amount of service in cooking all kinds of food for stock. It also does its work much more perfect, and the labor to attend it is nothing in comparison to what it was when I used the Caldron Kettle.

The real benefit of cooking food for stock of any kind no one will dispute who has ever tried it. I think the reason why it has not been generally adopted is attributable to farmers—that it costs too much trouble. Your Steamer and Caldron has done away with that objection, and I feel that confidence to say that *any farmer* who will try one of your Caldrons will never be without one. Yours truly, A. J. CARMICHAEL.

Homes for the Industrious!

— IN THE —

GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE

1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,

In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS AND WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.

which, as they will perceive, will enable them by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with, comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

of the State lies within the zone of the cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of tobacco and hemp, and the wheat is worth from fifteen to twenty cents more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil, the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanical arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day to Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing pursuits.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railways of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses, the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State Debt is only $10,105,398, 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the company have sold 1 300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed thro' these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of the forty nine counties through which it passes was only 335,598; since which 479,293 have been added, making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour, were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse and grow with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 or $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood lands is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

One Year's Interest in advance,

at six per ct. per annum, and six interest notes at six per ct. payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years, one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

Twenty Per Cent. will be deducted

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner, Chicago, Illinois.

For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

OUR ORDERS.

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread!

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That pour delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet,—
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go, chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour.

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of humankind!

And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

Atlantic Monthly.

The Story-Teller.

[From Harper's Monthly Magazine for July.]

THROWN TOGETHER.

The hero of this story is Mr. Festus Buckle, aged thirty-four, a lawyer, and unmarried. He is tall, symmetrical, broad-chested, and, but for a slight stoop in the shoulders, perfectly imposing. With profuse wavy chestnut hair, and an absolutely patriarchal full beard of the same color, a Garibaldi recklessness of dress, and a long, nervous walk; his eyes large, blue, but—from much reading—near-sighted; his nose regular; the remaining features hidden by his mustache and whiskers. These latter waved picturesquely back above his massive shoulders as he strode down Broadway, and, combined with the shoulders, gave to following eyes an impression of majestic largeness. Look at him from behind, and you would take him for a pirate. But as you approach him in front, and see his *spectacles*, the delusion vanishes. Perhaps, after all, the best description of his personal appearance *is* a pirate, with a theological and metaphysical turn of mind, who under no circumstances could have been induced to capture a vessel which had any women on board; for all this was expressed in his face to those who knew him.

I have said that Mr. Buckle was a lawyer; but although he had an office in the fourth story of a building in Wall street, his principal avocation consisted in being the mainstay of his worthy parents: consulting large books in the Hall of Records, to discover whether his father had sufficient title to his back yard to warrant him in erecting a system of clothes lines therein, and such like profound investigations. In the evening he read to his parents till ten—retreating precipitately up stairs at the advent of lady visitors. The reader will note this peculiarity, for upon this trait of Mr. Buckle's character hinges this story.

So much by way of introduction. Now for action. *Time*—Three P. M. of a delicious, sunny September afternoon. *Place*—The open window of a second story front room in Twenty-third street, being Mr. Festus Buckle's apartment. *Actor*—That profound legal gentleman himself, who, having wearied of practicing that arduous profession, smoking pipes in a law-office, had come up town in the middle of the day, and was now sitting in the window aforesaid, with a dreamy gaze at his friend Doctor Piper's gilt shingle on the opposite side of the street, and wondering why there wasn't any specialty for the sole treatment of sick *gentlemen*, so that *he* could have been a doctor too.

As he gazed Piper's door opened. A jolly, round-faced man, of a decided family look and about the middle age, came rushing forth. He was in a high perspiration about something, and did not look up till Mr. Buckle called,

"Hello, Piper! Whither away?"

The round-faced family man threw a quick glance at the window, and instead of rushing down the street, as he had apparently intended, ran out into the middle of it.

"Hello yourself, Buckle! You're just the very man I want to see!"

"And I'm just the man that wants to see you. Come up, old boy!"

"I'm in an *awful* hurry! Run down and open the door!"

"Open it you—I'm lazy!" And with this Buckle tossed that rather superfluous utensil, his night-key, to the pavement.

"Oh, bless me!" said Mr. Piper, entering, "I'm in such a hurry I don't know where to begin first!"

"Begin any where, then, and trust to luck for coming out right."

"The steamer *Montgomery* sails for Savannah at half-past four!"

"It always does on Thursday afternoon."

"From Pier 4, North River!"

"I'm sure that's a very good place to sail from."

"Be still! You know Mrs. Belle Godfrey, don't you?"

"I never heard of her!" exclaimed Buckle, with a countenance of awakened alarm. "On my honor, I never did!"

"Don't make any difference. She's my wife's cousin; young widow, beautiful, highly accomplished; goes on the *Montgomery* this afternoon—only one hour and a fraction!"

"Oh!" said Buckle, greatly relieved, "she's *going away*, is she? I thought you were going to ask me to call with you, or something of that sort."

"The postman has just brought a letter for her. I know from the handwriting that it's of the utmost consequence she should have it immediately."

"And you want me to run and get a boy to carry it down!" exclaimed Buckle, impetuously. "I see! I will! I'll be off this minute! Where's the letter? Give me my hat! Sit down and wait till I come back!"

"A *boy* won't do! Won't trust him! Letter's very important! A *man* must go!"

"Very well. I'll run and call a carriage for *you!*"

"Bosh! Got one of my own. *I* haven't time to go. I have a case of leg at the hospital—cut it off, you know—at three and a half; and two tumors in Twelfth street for five. *You* must go!"

"Bless my—. You don't mean it!" Every individual hair on Buckle's head began to assume the perpendicular.

"*I do.* Be quick! Here's the letter—here's your hat. Run out to Broadway—take the first South Ferry stage—get out at Morris street, and go right west—takes you straight to Pier 4."

"You say she's a *widow!*"

"Talk about her affliction another time. When you get to the pier ask for the Purser—"

"And *beautiful!*"

"Be quiet. If you can't find the Purser, hurry down into the cabin and knock at state-room door No. 14."

"Accomplished, heh? *Knock at the door?*"

"If she isn't in the state-room she'll be outside, see you, and ask what you want. Give her my love, and hand her the letter. If she *doesn't* see you, call out 'Mrs. Godfrey' at the top of your voice."

"At—the—*top*—of my voice! All the cabin will hear me."

"That's what you want."

"No, I don't! I *don't!* I'd rather look round."

"Well, be off at any rate. Quick! There's not a second to lose. I've been here three minutes already."

With a face of the most abject despair Buckle crowded his hat over his eyes, and permitted himself to be pushed down stairs. At the door Piper left him to hurry off after his "case of leg;" and Buckle, wondering what the nightmare *was* like, if it wasn't *this*, sped for Broadway. Here, as prearranged, he took the first South Ferry stage. It was full, and he had to stand on the step. That he blessed himself over, for the jolt prevented him thinking connectedly. After coming near forgetting himself and going clear down to South Ferry, he jumped off at Morris street, and was soon on board the *Montgomery*.

He asked the mate if he knew where the Purser was. The mate, who cherished ideas of discipline from having been in the navy, assumed a defensive attitude, and wanted to know if *he* looked like a Purser? Mr. Buckle had no distinct idea how a Purser *did* look, and forbore to reply. The next man he asked told him the Purser would go around just as they got off the Hook. Mr. Buckle had no desire to get off the Hook, but feeling much more like flying off the handle, pursued his quarter further, and groped his way down to the cabin.

Finding No. 14, he grazed it tremulously with his fist. A rustle followed from within. Mr. Buckle started back.

"I declare I do believe she's in there!" said Mr. Buckle, speaking very much as if "*she*" were a ferocious individual of the gorilla family. The door-knob turned. Yes, she was coming out.

The door opened—the woman appeared. There she stood, projecting her head in an attitude of inquiry, a little woman, plump and *riante*, her face set in the middle of that make-believe saintly halo of tarleton known as a widow's cap. Seeing that Mr. Buckle was the most self-conscious-looking person in the saloon, she asked him in a soft voice,

"Did you knock, Sir?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes—no—well, not particularly. I mean to say—that is—well, I've brought a letter for you. Dr. Piper requested me to."

He emphasized the last remark in an apologetic tone, as if he wouldn't for the world leave any impression that he had come of his own accord. Then, after a little confused fumbling, he dived into his breast-pocket and brought the letter to the surface. Handing it to the widow, he was about to beat a precipitate retreat, when she stopped him with a smiling—

"Oh, pardon me, Sir. Mr.—what may I call your name?"

"Buckle—Festus Buckle. Mr. Festus—Mr. Buckle."

"Ah, Mr. Buckle! A near neighbor to my cousin—just across the way, I believe. Please be seated. I have had the pleasure of meeting your mother. I have also seen you—smoking at your window," she added, archly.

"Have you, indeed?" said Buckle, perturbedly. "It's an abominable habit!"

"Oh, not at all! I am very fond of a good cigar."

"You are, really?"

"I am, really. Let me introduce myself. I am Mrs. Godfrey—Mrs. Belle—Mrs. Belle Godfrey. Perhaps you have heard my name before?"

"Oh yes! Piper has mentioned you—that is incidentally you know."

"Well, it would have been quite an omission not to. But how absurd for me to introduce myself when you know, of course, whom you were so kind as to bring the letter to! Ha-ha-ha!"

Her laugh was so fresh and silvery, so full of unrestrained *bonhommie*—to make a French bull by using a man's noun of a woman—that Buckle could not help assisting it with an antistrophe in that deep, gruff, pirate's chorus voice of his own.

"My acquaintance with your mother," continued the widow, "makes me feel quite as if we were old friends. I was therefore going to ask you to sit for a moment, excusing me while I read this letter, and then troubling you farther to carry back a few lines if its contents need reply. I see it is quite an important one, judging from its handwriting. Can you easily spare time?"

"Oh, certainly!" returned the always obliging Buckle.

As Mrs. Godfrey sat reading, the first bell rang. "Ah!" said she, finishing the letter hurriedly, "I must be quick about my answer. One moment, and I will get my writing-desk out of the state-room."

So Mrs. Godfrey jumped up, in a bewitching, bouncing-ball, little kind of a way, and ran into her state-room. There was a rattling, nervous sound in the state-room, and the moment after a soft voice called,

"Mr. Buckle! may I trouble you a moment?"

"Oh yes, Ma'am—I should say, not at all," replied Buckle, amiably. And emboldened by the extremity of his desire to confer an obligation, ventured within three feet of the state-room threshold.

"This lock plagues me so! I never *can* turn the key when I want to!"

"Ah! shall—I—ah—*come in?*"

"You may, if you'll be so kind. My hat-box, where I have the desk, is rather too heavy for me to bring out."

Aghast at his own temerity, Mr. Buckle entered No. 14, and for the next two minutes his piratical whiskers, in a manner unintelligible as some tremendous dream, were brushing against the snowy puffs of the widow's cap as he tugged at the key, and she benevolently helped him by holding down the lid with two small, fat, white hands of about five-mouse power.

"There!" said Mr. Buckle, at length, lifting himself up in such confusion that he bumped his head against the berth, thereby enhancing a vague sense he had felt before of having done something dreadful. "I believe it's unlocked now." Then added, as he felt the thump, "Oh! beg pardon!" being bewildered for an instant into the view that it was somebody else's head, and he owed an apology for it.

"Did it hurt you? I'm so sorry! I have some liniment in my trunk; but, dear me! that's stowed away in the hold, and we can't get it out till we're at sea. Though *you're* not going. I really wish you *were*—it would be so nice not to be among strangers! Well, here's the desk. I'll have the note ready in five minutes."

Mrs. Belle Godfrey immediately opened her desk, sat down at the table in the saloon, took out a quire of black-rimmed note, straightened on the thumb-nail of her left hand the nibs of a tiny gold-pen, dipped it in the ink, and leisurely put down her heading, forgetting no circumstance of time or place, with all a woman's sublime faith in the indefinite stretchability of "five minutes." She had got half-way down the first page, when a singular noise arrested simultaneously the attention of both writer and waiter.

Chik-a-rik arik-arik-a cher-r-r-r-r!

"Dear me—dear me!" cried Mrs. Godfrey, springing to her feet with an expression of intense distress, "Beppo has got out!"

"Beppo?" said Mr. Buckle, dreamily, debating whether this highly intelligible expression were some normal development of the unfamiliar animal, woman.

"Yes, Beppo," continued the widow, distractedly—"my pet red squirrel! Oh! *where* is he? He was in the state-room when we were unlocking the hat-box, fastened by a ribbon round his neck to the wire of the berth-curtain. We must have frightened the little precious so that he bit himself loose. Oh, *do* find him for me, Mr. Buckle! *do* catch him, or I shall never, *never* forgive myself!"

Mrs. Godfrey was trembling with grief, and might at any moment break out in that fresh spot known to Natural Historians who have cultivated her specialty as "a *real good* cry." Whatever that phenomenon might be, Mr. Buckle's admiration for scientific pursuits had never led him to witness it, and he didn't want to. So he straightway set about hunting the squirrel in good earnest. The arduousness of this gallant enterprise was slightly enhanced by Mrs. Godfrey's entreaty to the other benevolent passengers, who were prepared to join his chase, that they would by all means desist, for they might step on it, they knew, and then she *would* give up. Not wishing to have her do that, they obeyed, and Mr. Buckle went forth after Beppo alone. A few successive "*cher-r-r-r-s*" from the cushion over the stern-post soon revealed that as Master Beppo's locality. But this apocalypse was only the beginning of troubles. Mr. Buckle made a pounce at the little beast; the little beast jumped over Mr. Buckle's head. Then the straightforward race began. Beast down the saloon table—Buckle alongside of it. Ten to one on beast, and no takers. At the end of the table beast jumps down, and pops through the open door into the Social Hall. But before Buckle could shut the further doors of the Social Hall, beast had gone through, and was making the fastest time on record along the mid-ship guards, past the pantry, kitchen, and engine room.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Godfrey, "he'll get down into the machinery, and be ground to death!"

But the power which takes care of squirrels as well as sparrows and men prevented such a lamentable *denouement*. Beast still kept the straight line over all obstacles—and, to cut a long story short, eventually leaped through the steerage door, down the ladder, and, like Gill in the poem, Buckle came tumbling after.

Oh, the obliging Buckle! What a pickle he was in! He introduced himself to the astonished steerage passengers by shouting out, "A dollar to any body who'll catch that squirrel!" then remembering that Mrs. Godfrey had forbidden any assistance to his sole efforts, and seeing the imminent danger which might result from a scramble of twenty pair of hob-nailed brogans, he was on the point of amending his offer to "A dollar to any one who *won't* catch him!" But fortunately for Beppo's prospects of an extreme old age, the steerage conceived the idea that he was a rat, and made room for him. He accordingly got into some one of the two dozen tumbled berths, and was speedily hid from sight. Into *which* one was now the question to be settled.

This investigation took twenty-five minutes. With a most conscientious sense of duty to his employer refusing all proffers of assistance, he turned down sheets, lifted mattresses, piled up pillows, and shook curtains. At the close of the time mentioned his efforts were rewarded with success, and finding Beppo panting in a corner, he gently clapped a pillow over him, and dexterously brought him prisoner up the steerage ladder.

As he reached the deck he heard, for the first time, the regular thug-thug, thug-thug of machinery, and looking aft, beheld Governor's Island quietly gliding past the quarter!

Nothing but the tenacity of despair at that moment prevented his dropping Beast, pillow and all, to do what they liked with themselves.

For a moment he stood like any sensation heroine—"pale, transfixed, motionless;" then remembering the dictum of a celebrated man—"Do the duty nearest thee"—he resolutely marched back to the cabin and presented the squirrel to Mrs. Godfrey.

"Oh, Heaven bless you, *my kind friend!*" exclaimed that lady, as she caught up her pet and fastened his ribbon to her berth once more.

"Thank you, Ma'am," replied Buckle; then, in the same breath, "We don't stop any where, I believe, before we get there?"

"Stop? Get *where?*"

"To Savannah, Ma'am. I think that's where you're going? Because I find we've *started*."

"You don't tell me so! Oh, it must be a mistake! Stewardess, isn't there time for this gentleman to get off?"

"He could get off almost any where, Ma'am, but it would be rather wet," replied the stewardess, smiling.

"Oh dear me! And to think *I* have been the cause of it! What *can* I do, Mr. Buckle, to show how sorry I am. Oh, *can* you forgive me, Mr. Buckle?"

"I assure you I don't entertain the slightest gr—Oh, I mean to say certainly."

"Well, Mr. Buckle, since we can't help it, let's reflect that it might be much worse."

"Very true, Ma'am; so it might." For instance, Buckle was thinking, if there had been *two* ladies left on his hands instead of *one*.

"Will you excuse me a minute, Ma'am?" he added, after a short pause. Mrs. Godfrey bowed gracefully, and Mr. Buckle ascended the companion-way.

The *Montgomery* was now majestically approaching the Narrows. Of that magnificent gate through which the gold and glory of our regal town is forever marching to pay tribute or bear away largess for the nations, Mr. Buckle had often thought, in the course of his wide studies, with patriotic enthusiasm. He had even written articles, entitled "The Narrows, and their Importance to New York, succinctly considered," which were refused by our very best journals. Love of the home fireside, and a proper caution against taking cold, had hitherto prevented him from making their closer acquaintance. Now he had the opportunity of realizing his boyhood's dream. The Narrows were right before him!

But the Narrows did not seem to be exactly what he wanted. He retired to a sheltered place upon the poop deck, and sitting down on the sky-lights of the after-hatch, drew from his breast-pocket the well-worn wallet, which, from the merry Christmas when it happened in his stocking at the age of fourteen, had carried all the funds necessary for the accomplishment of his modest desires. Looking around to be sure that nobody saw him, he opened the wallet, and spreading his handkerchief on his knees to make a lap, shook the contents into it, and began counting, with this result:

"One receipt for waterproof blacking—cut from *Scientific American*. Key to my secretary. Shoe and Leather Bank—one dollar. Singular coin, brought from the ruins of Pompeii—value supposed to be one cent. Two three-cent pieces. *Mem.* to have my next pantaloons cut looser in the knee. Eight postage stamps. Bank State of New York—another dollar. Extract from Tennyson's 'Maud;' '*Oh that it were possible!*' Member's ticket to Historical Society."

"Four cents and one dime make fourteen, and a quarter makes thirty-nine cents. Two dollars and seventy cents!" exclaimed Buckle, the cold perspiration stand on his forehead. "*Two dollars and seventy cents!* Oh, Piper, Piper! A cabin passage is fifteen; and I don't believe the steerage is under eight. What *shall* I do?"

With a countenance of the extremest anguish Mr. Buckle walked to the larboard netting, and beheld Fort Hamilton, gold-leafed by the setting September sun. Each window on the palatial heights of New Utrecht was a square of fire. The scene was one naturally fitted to inspire the artist, the poet, or the philosopher—unless he were hard up. Mr. Buckle leaned over the side, with no responsive echo in his soul to Nature's beauty; and for a moment took into consideration the mathematical question whether, if he jumped over he would be able to swim ashore. But it immediately after occurred to him that he had forgotten to learn how. And then he thought of old Mr. and Mrs. Buckle—what would *they* think when they found him spending the night out for the first time since they had the pleasure of his acquaintance? Night? Yes, *three* nights before he could even telegraph them!

Thrown together in a despairing heap he pursued these thoughts until the sun was nearly down, and the *Montgomery* was passing the Bumb Beacon. At this juncture he was aroused by a tap on the shoulder, and rising from his bench beheld a man standing with outstretched hand:

"Your ticket, Sir—the Purser."

"Are *you* the Purser."

"I am, Sir. Do you doubt it?"

"No; only I wish I had seen you a good while ago."

"Well, you see me now. Please hand over your ticket."

"Mr. Purser, on the word of a gentleman, I haven't got any!"

"You should have provided yourself beforehand. But the money will do as well now; though I can't promise you much in the way of a state-room."

"I haven't the money to pay for a state-room!" said Mr. Buckle, his anguish visibly increasing.

"Then you're out of place, Sir," replied the Purser, mildly; for he thought he saw in Mr. Buckle a poor gentleman in distress. "You will find pretty good quarters in the steerage."

"I haven't money enough for *that*," gasped Mr. Buckle.

"*Then*," said the Purser, with asperity, regarding Mr. Buckle in the less lenient light of a Jeremy Diddler, "what the d——l did you have the impudence to come on board for?"

"Sir! you are speaking to a—" began Mr. Buckle, in a defiant note; then recollecting that $2.70 is an inadequate specie basis for noise of that kind, terminated in a mild, soft voice:—"I didn't *want* to come on board, Mr. Purser. I came to oblige a friend—Dr. Piper, of Twenty-third Street—and got left. No! *didn't* get left, I mean. You may know Dr. Piper? He's a rising young physician—"

"Don't try that on *me*, Sir! I'm acquainted with Piper—*your* kind of Piper that is, that smuggles himself aboard to hook a passage! That's a Piper that don't pay! You'll get Piper when the Captain sees you! You'd better go forward to the steerage-deck, and then perhaps he won't be so hard on you when I bring him up to you."

In the last stages of mental collapse—his hands in his pockets and his piratical beard upon his breast—poor Buckle clambered forward, and sat down over the forecastle. He didn't want a row with the Purser right in hearing of the cabin. [To be continued.]

Wit and Humor.

SOME LITTLE JOKERS.

Why is money like the letter *p*. Because it makes an ass pass.

What sea would make a sleeping room? A dry attic (Adriatic.)

We guess Kentucky will stay in the Union,—her Legislature has passed a "Stay Law."

"It is astonishing," said Carlyle, "how long a rotten thing will hold together, if you only handle it carefully."

An exchange gives the substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who had died in a state of inebriation:—"Death by hanging—round a rum shop!"

N. P. Willis, in a letter to the Home Journal from Washington, speaking of the Irish regiment of Col. Corcoran, says, "Heaven help the mis-Jeff-makers whom they particularly encounter."

The F. F. V.'s and the F. F. I.'s.—A letter from a member of Col. Corcoran's Irish Regiment says:—"We have been hunting secessionists all day; all I saw done was that the first families of Virginia were running away from the first families of Ireland."

GRAND DISAPPOINTMENT.

I thought her mine; I thought the world
Shone forth with joy for me;
I didn't dream in after years
Its folly I should see.

But as it proved. I sought her hand—
(I really thought I'd get her)—
But, oh! alas! her answer came—
"Her mother wouldn't let her!"

Malice.—"Malice," says Seneca, "drinks one-half of its own poison." And Des Cartes, in his treatises on the passions, says, "Hatred is never without sorrow." What must have been the wretchedness of John Lilburn, of whom Cromwell quaintly remarked, "He is so quarrelsome, that if he could find no one else to quarrel with, John would quarrel with Lilburn, and Lilburn would quarrel with John!"

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 7, 14, 11, 5, 12, 20, 1 is a book of the New Testament.
My 11, 8, 16, 8, 5, 19, 18, 3 is a city mentioned in Acts.
My 3, 13, 8, 4, 2, 9 made war on the Israelites.
My 18, 10, 4, 10 is a river in Egypt.
My 20, 23, 11, 6, 2, 18 was cousin to Mordecai.
My 9, 14, 22, 10, 23, 12 was a city of the Holy Land.
My 13, 20, 4, 19, 11, 3 is where St. Paul was shipwrecked.
My 17, 8, 13, 3, 12 is one of the fruits of the Spirit.
My 22, 16, 21, 3, 12 was Jacob's daughter.
My whole may be found in Proverbs.

Marengo, Mich., 1861. P.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 9, 16, 8, 2 is a Spanish coin.
My 1, 12, 10, 3, 6, 18 is a county in Ohio.
My 10, 5, 17, 7 is a part of the body.
My 14, 8, 11, 12 is a plague.
My 1, 4, 2, 16 is a part of a wagon.
My whole is the name of a noted character in the secession movement.

Gainesville, Wyo. Co., N. Y., 1861. J. M. Brainerd.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A RIDDLE.

Pray tell us, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly favored man
Who, though he's married many a wife,
May be a bachelor all his life?

Palermo, N. Y., 1861. Willis Bartlett.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

There is a tower, the height of which is in feet. Suppose the visible distance of the horizon to be a certain number of miles, such that the square root of the sum of 25 + the product of 1-20 of the height of tower, into the square root of the visible distance = to 1-6 of the height of the tower, also, the square root of visible distance + 3 = ⅛ height of tower. What is the height of tower, the visible distance, and, according to these suppositions, what would be the diameter of the earth?

Ypsilanti, Mich., 1861. W. Sterns.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SURVEYING QUESTION.

From Fort Pickens there can be seen three batteries, A, B, and C, which are to operate on the Fort, and whose distances from each other are known, viz.: A, B, = 800, A, C, = 600, and B, C, = 400 chains. They measured the horizontal angles, and found them to be as follows: The angle at the Fort, subtended by the batteries A and C, = 33° 45′; the angle at the same place, subtended by the batteries B and C, = 22° 33′. Required, to find the distances between the Fort and the batteries.

Hemlock Lake, N. Y., 1861. R. D. McCadden.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 505.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The cat in gloves catches no mice.

Answer to Arithmetical Puzzle:—The four figures are 8888, which, being divided by a line drawn through the middle, become eight 0's, or nothing.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—82.916+ rods.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 507.

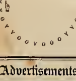
Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A Home for the Friendless.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—1st, $30; 2d, $40; 3d, $50.

Answer to Puzzle:—Count the letters to eight, eight, which equal 10; ten, 3; three, 5; twelve, 6; six, six, six, 9; nine, 4.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN No. 506.

He arranged them as below. A representing apples, and O oranges; and it will be seen that by beginning at the four apples on the left, and going round and round the circle, and taking every ninth, all the oranges will be removed, and all the apples will remain.



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